

THE
ECLECTIC
AND
CONGREGATIONAL REVIEW.

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THE ECLECTIC, ETC.

I.

THE STORY OF A HUGUENOT*

HAD we alighted upon this work, and read it without reading title-page or introduction, we should assuredly have assigned it to the pen of Defoe. That charming reality and distinct but concise description; that vivid life of personal and associated adventure, in perilous situations, by land and by sea; that happy interfusion of personal narrative and adventure, told by the lips of comrades occasionally introduced—all these marked and well-known characteristics, the charm of that pen which perhaps possessed, beyond any other, the power of imposing its romances as realities—gives to this little volume a delightful, readable interest. Alas! it is no romance. The work itself, in its recent French reprint, must have been heard of by many of our readers. It is a story which was very well known to French readers a hundred years since, and which it seems has already appeared in an English dress, through the felicitous translation of no other a person than Oliver Goldsmith. Its sweet naïveté of style,—its story of saintly patience, endurance, and faithfulness, would be likely to attract him in the course of his strange wanderings along the banks of the Loire. Attention has been recently called to the book; some years since, Michelet spoke of it as a book of the first order—of its angelic sweetness, written as if “between earth and heaven;” and enquired, “Why has it never been reprinted?” The younger Coquerel also, in his historical study, and interesting book “*Les Forçats pour la Foi*,” led by his references to a distinct wish for the work itself. It was published in Paris two years since by M. Paumier; and the Religious Tract Society

**Autobiography of a French Protestant, condemned to the galleys for the sake of his religion.* Translated from the French. Religious Tract Society.

has performed a most admirable and useful task in presenting this exquisitely beautiful translation to the English public.

From time to time, a work takes possession of the popular ear, by giving an insight into the horrible enormities of persecution perpetrated upon the Huguenots of France. We have often thought that, as a story of faithful endurance, it stands certainly second to no history of martyrdom contained in the records of the church. The result of that most insane act of despotism, the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, is instructive from many aspects and for many purposes. At a time when it seemed as if the asperities of religious partisanship were becoming softened; when, perhaps, chiefly through the policy of Richelieu, the Huguenots had been thoroughly restored to, and replaced, in a most unobjectionable and ordinary manner, to the privileges and rights of citizenship—when they occupied in France very much the position occupied now by manufacturers in England—constituting the skill and industry, the commercial life and activity of the whole nation. At that time, when the fleet of France was created by that great, loyal Huguenot admiral, Duquesne; and her armies disciplined by that great military Huguenot commander, Marshal Saxe—when her navies, bearing her freightage from the then wealthy towns of Dieppe, Bourdeaux and Rouen, to London, were manned by Huguenots—when her paper manufactories, her serge and silk manufactories, her cloth manufactories, were placing her, by the Huguenot hands which wrought those looms and machines, foremost in the manufacturing enterprise of Europe—at this important crisis, Louis XIV., at the instigation of Madame Maintenon, who sought to atone for the Huguenot taint in her blood and the heretical tendencies of her early years, and at the instigation of the priests with whom she crowded the avenues to the court of the King—wrought on by these two amazing motives, a woman, and the priesthood—Louis XIV. in fact placed the commercial and manufacturing, and, we may add, the moral and spiritual majesty of his nation under proscription. Our readers know the tale; there has seldom been recited a more cruel one. There is not a free country in Europe that did not gain by that great event; our own country gained immensely. Natives of Prussia, Sweden, Switzerland, and the Netherlands, hurried away in the holds of vessels, eluding the sharp vigilance of spies and guards, who would have arrested the fugitives and consigned them for life to the galleys—multitudes of the bravest and the best of the French nation, who held the mysteries of its arts, fled as best they could in all directions. How easy it is to understand to what an extent

this exodus must have impaired her moral power, when in the course of time the great Revolution broke out, and when all those hundreds of thousands of her most faithful sons were either lying in their martyr graves, or existing in their descendants, exiled, but prosperous and happy on foreign shores. Our readers are acquainted with the sentimental raptures of Madame Sévigné upon the destruction and uprooting of heresy, and the more disgusting inflation of Bossuet. With their voices all the chief voices of the church chimed, proclaiming that the King had achieved a most triumphant victory. "Touched by 'so many marvels,'" exclaimed the so-called eagle of eloquence, "let us expand our hearts in praise of the piety of Louis; let our acclamations ascend to the skies; let us say to this new Constantine, this new Theodosius, this new Marcian, this new Charlemagne, what the thirty-six fathers formerly said 'in the Council of Calcedon, 'You have strengthened faith; you have exterminated heretics; it is a work worthy of your reign, whose proper character it is; thanks to you, heresy is no more. God alone can have wrought this marvel. King of Heaven, preserve the King of earth!' It is the prayer of the church; it is the prayer of the Bishops." The annals of England contain no such bloody chapter. That dreadful story has been often recited—the persecution lasted through a long series of years; its cruelties cannot be called unparalleled, for Spain and the Netherlands received from Rome a similar baptism of blood—its atrocities however seem to equal those. We should refer to the pages of Weiss, the accomplished historian of the Reformation in France, for the statistics of the numbers who suffered, or who fled. The old hero Duquesne was sent for by the king, (he was eighty years of age; and was one of the glories of the French nation) when he was commanded to change his religion. In reply, he pointed the king to his white hairs; and said: "For sixty years, Sire, I have rendered to Cæsar 'the things which are Cæsar's; suffer me still to render to God 'the things which I owe to God!'" The King permitted him to end his days in France, unmolested in his religion; while to his sons was granted the extraordinary privilege of banishment from France. From them, before they left, the courageous old sailor took an oath that they would never bear arms against their country. We believe that he and Marshal Saxe, who was absolutely essential to the Bourbon interest, were alone exempted by name from the exterminating persecution. The frontiers were guarded, to seize any travellers journeying without passports; the seaports, or the more retired spots of the coast, were thronged by the numbers of artisans quitting the country. The

number which escaped was small indeed, compared with the numbers seized. Dragonnades took possession of every house whose inhabitants did not avow their conversion—and many towns suffered irreparable devastation. We have before us the story of the persecutions of the Dragonnades in Dieppe; and, in fact, Dieppe, then a most flourishing port, declined, and has never looked up since. Meantime, those who were seized were subjected to every variety of horrible torture—condemnation to the galleys for life was the general, simple, final, and speedy consummation of the fate of those who were arrested; in some parts of France, especially in the Landes of the South, were hidden multitudes for many years, as were the Covenanters during the brief period of our episcopal Stuart persecution, when they lurked among the mountains of Scotland. “The Pastor of the Desert” became the pathetic designation of the minister who, exposed to greater perils than any others, moved to and fro in secrecy, animating their faith; and, in lonely spots, exposed at any moment to the fierce invasion of brutal soldiery, administered the simple sacraments of their unostentatious worship. All their chapels had been razed to the ground; and they were, as people, regarded with more horror by far than ever was evinced towards the most abandoned convicts.

This description will not be thought, perhaps, out of place in introducing the volume we have already sufficiently characterised. It is the story of Jean Marteilhe, of Bergerac, a youth of only sixteen years of age; who, in company with a comrade, whose convictions were, like his own, firm and faithful to Protestantism, sought to escape. His father's house had been visited by twenty-two dragoons; his father was imprisoned; his young brothers and sisters taken; and, as was usual, cast into convents—his mother subjected to inquisitions, examinations, and tortures; or, at the best, unprotected in her own house in company with twenty-two dragoons. This was in the year 1699. Young Marteilhe with his friend fled, in the hope of reaching Holland; but they were young, and had little experience or knowledge; and after wandering for some time about Paris, leaving that place, and travelling with utter ignorance of the route they should take. Through this want of knowledge of the localities through which they passed, they overlooked a spot which might have proved a safe shelter to them, the little town of Couvé, which belonged to the Prince of Liège, and had a castle garrisoned by Dutch soldiers; but they were suspected, from the simple circumstance of their asking for glasses for the beer they were drinking at the Inn (this being a French custom). A spy followed them,

and said to the companion of Jean that he was ready to lay a wager they did not carry rosaries in their pockets; the youth was so imprudent as to take out his snuff-box and say that was his rosary. There was a prize, at any rate; there were rewards for the detection of such poor wanderers; and they were speedily in prison—nor did they escape. We lose sight of Jean's friend; he was liberated after thirteen years of imprisonment—suffering every kind of horrible privation as a prisoner of the galleys. He was the last, out of a hundred and thirty-six Protestants, liberated, it should give us pride to say, at the earnest entreaty of Queen Anne of England. Popular readers will, from this volume, obtain a more distinct conception of the sufferings of the Huguenots in the galleys, than from any other accessible volume with which we are acquainted. It is a noble story; and when it is recollected that the youth and man had only to breathe a word, to express or act a lie, and he might have gone forth at any moment into freedom; but that, for conscience sake, his pure and lofty nature chose rather the consolations of faith which might find their way to him in horrible dungeons; in the darkness of long nights at sea, always chained; or travelling in chained gangs through long weary leagues, carrying about a hundred and fifty pounds of iron—subject to the bastinado, to the supervisions of the barbarous and brutal *comites* (the name of the overseers of gangs), whose tremendous whip of cow-hide fell perpetually in a hail-storm of blows on the bruised and bleeding victims—when it is remembered that he and men like him, punished for their faith, were consigned with other convicts, but who were criminals, to the most dangerous posts in naval fights; that the criminal convicts who escaped the enemies' fire, wounded or unwounded, with their lives, could claim and receive their freedom, while no privileges were granted to the convicts imprisoned for their faith; stripped, often naked; exposed to the most cruel inclemencies of intense cold or scorching heat, with food usually most wretched and disgusting; the very money and donations raised for their relief in the Protestant communities of Holland or Switzerland frequently stolen from them, although other convicts were permitted to receive the gifts of their friends—when all this is remembered, as it comes before us in the pages of this simple and unaffected story, in which the reciter candidly admits that, dreadful and cruel as his lot was, there were from many circumstances some ameliorations, we are compelled to feel that such a life has not been endured in vain; it is good to read that human nature, by Divine

grace, was equal to such tortures and trials; that, in a word, it was possible for a man thus quietly and heroically to endure. In our times of indifference it seems marvellous that one could have so suffered the loss of all things, and have taken even joyfully, in the assurance of the reality of his convictions, such a spoiling of all possessions of life and affection, such a long-continued course of bodily wasting as we do not associate with the most severe discipline of the most stringent penal servitude. We perhaps anticipate the story by expressing our joy at the knowledge that, after his dreadful trials, he not only lived to the great age of ninety-three, but we may suppose that he eventually enjoyed prosperity and happiness. He died in 1777, at Cuylenberg. We hear of a daughter who was married to an English naval officer of distinction, Vice-Admiral Douglas; and M. Coquerel says that the memory of Marteilhe, though lost sight of in France, was preserved in England; and an alliance with the family of the martyr of the galleys esteemed an honour rather than a disgrace. The *Quarterly Review*, in an admirable article upon the French Edition of this work, pertinently quotes the fine panegyric of Sir Thomas Browne, as applicable to Marteilhe, upon those who "maintained their faith in the noble way of persecution, and served God in the fire, whereas we honour him in the sunshine."

After the arrest of Marteilhe, he for some time entertained hopes that he might escape. It is very interesting to notice how often he came into the company of men, governors of prisons, persons of prominence and official importance, whose sympathies were with the Huguenots, or who were themselves Protestants, but were fearful to avow it. One, M. Piécourt, a rich banker, managed to get Marteilhe to his house, through his friendship with the captain. Friends had made earnest appeals to M. Piécourt for his kind offices. Being on very friendly terms himself with M. de Langeron, the Captain of the galley, he obtained leave for Jean Marteilhe to see him without a chain. He represented himself to him as, while ostensibly a Papist in heart, a good Protestant; and proposed to him a plan for his escape, some parts of which involved his confession of conversion. After explaining the details, M. Piécourt exclaimed "what do you think of it?" The brave young man replied, "I was deceived in believing you a *good* Protestant. You may be a Protestant, but you must take away the word *good*. Why, you are nothing at all, while you believe yourself to be a Protestant. What, Sir! do you think God is deaf and blind; and that the promise I should

"make, if concealed from the eye of man, would not greatly offend Him? Besides, I have only to make this confession to the chaplain of my galley, and he would at once procure my release. Do not deceive yourself, Sir; the light you possess concerning the truth condemns you." We are glad to find that this noble behaviour won the sincere respect of the more timid man; the convict had to go back without the hope of release to his galley, but there M. Piécourt often visited him; and on many occasions afterwards sought and found opportunities for being of real service to him. There are some accounts of most interesting intercourse with catholic priests—"missionaries" as they were called. Pretty missionaries! If the Romish Church ever take occasion, as it does, to taunt us with the work and character of Protestant missionaries—what a fearful story on the other hand, may be told of those who have been called by that name belonging to her own communion. The account of his intercourse with a severe and cruel Dominican friar, whom he assuredly melted to tenderness in his entire treatment of the Protestant convict brotherhood, and who seems to have been more than half converted, is interesting; and the way in which he fixed one Father Garcia in the vice of his simple natural logic, and led the priest along adroitly to the acknowledgment, at last, that the persecutions they were suffering were really the acts of the Romish Church, while he was attempting to show poor Jean that they were simply political offenders, exhibits a naïve and delightful cleverness. It is an argument that Rome so often uses now, that it will be apropos to quote it here; the wily priest had spoken most tenderly, saying, "Do not think that we persecute you; we declare to you that we detest it," &c. &c., and much more in the same way. Jean and his companions had left the cabin; but his soul was full of indignation, and he said he must return. The priest put on a cheerful air, and supposed that the prisoners had reflected on what he had said; thereupon ensued the following remarkable and most characteristic conversation:

I must confess that the manner I was obliged to assume, in making this début, was rather hypocritical, and made them think that we were coming to capitulate and finally to recant. I had the pleasure of seeing how easily they fell into the snare which I had laid for them. I wished to make them tacitly confess that we were persecuted for the sake of our faith, and this is how I managed it. I told this father, then, that we had seriously reflected on what had taken place; but, among others, there was one great obstacle to what they called our conversion, which we were now going to mention to him, and to ask

him to remove. "That is just what you ought to do," cried Father Garcia, quite joyfully. "Speak, Sir," said he to me, "and you will be quite satisfied as to all your scruples."

Thereupon I continued in the same tone, and said to him, "I can certify to you, Sir, that, thanks to God and to my parents, I have been brought up and very well instructed in the principles of the reformed religion; but I must confess to you, that nothing strengthens me more in it than to see myself persecuted for its sake; for when I consider that Jesus Christ, his apostles, and so many faithful Christians have been persecuted according to the prophecy of their divine Saviour, I cannot but believe myself to be in the right road to salvation, since I am persecuted, as they were. Thus, Sir, if you can prove to me that we are not persecuted, as you asserted just now, I confess that you will gain considerable advantage over me." "I am delighted," replied Father Garcia, "that you have so clearly made known your scruples to me, and equally delighted that there is nothing so easy as to remove it by proving to you that you are not persecuted for the sake of your religion; and it is in this way: Do you know," he asked me, "what persecution is?" "Alas! Sir," said I, "my condition and that of my suffering brethren has made us only too well acquainted with it." "Pshaw!" said he, there is the mistake you make: you take *chastisement* for persecution; and I am going to convince you of this. Why are you at the galleys, and what is the motive of your sentence?"

I replied that, finding myself persecuted in my own country, I had wished to leave the kingdom to profess my religion in liberty, and that I had been arrested on the frontiers, and for this condemned to the galleys. "Do you not see," exclaimed Father Garcia, "what I have just told you, that you do not know what persecution is? I will explain it by telling you that persecution consists in being badly treated to oblige you to renounce the religion which you profess. Now, in your case, religion has nothing to do with it, and here is the proof. The king has forbidden all his subjects to leave the kingdom without his permission. You attempted to do this, therefore you are being chastised for having disobeyed the king's orders. This is connected with the police of the kingdom, and not with the church, nor with religion.

He then addressed another of our brethren present, to ask him why he was at the galleys. "For having prayed to God at a religious meeting," replied this brother. "Another act of disobedience to the king's orders," said Father Garcia. "The king has forbidden his subjects to meet in any place to pray to God, except in the parish and other churches of the kingdom. You have done the contrary, and you are punished for having disobeyed the king's orders."

Another of our brethren told him that, being very ill, the curé had come to his bedside to receive his declaration, whether he would live and die in the reformed religion or in the Roman Catholic; that he had replied in the reformed; and that having recovered from his sickness, he had been arrested and condemned to the galleys. "Again

another act of disobedience to the orders of the king," said Father Garcia. "His majesty wishes that all his subjects should live and die in the Roman religion. You declared that you would not do so; that is disobeying the king's orders. Thus, gentlemen, all of you have disobeyed the king's commands; the church has no part in it. She has neither taken part in nor presided at your trial; in a word, all has happened independently of her and of her knowledge."

I well saw that I should have some trouble to make him grant that we were persecuted for the sake of our religion if I continued in this somewhat hypocritical strain. I told him with a simple air that I was content with his explanation as to what persecution was, and that now I wanted to know whether, if my other doubts could be cleared up, I might be released before making my abjuration. "Certainly not," replied Father Garcia; "you will never leave the galleys till you have made it in its complete form." "And if I do make this abjuration, can I then hope to be released soon?" "A fortnight afterwards," said Father Garcia, "on the faith of a priest; for you see that in such a case the king promises it to you." I then resumed my natural air, to tell him with the greatest seriousness how I had to-day experienced the force of truth, which penetrates the most cunning falsehood. "You have endeavoured, Sir," said I, "by all your sophistical reasons, to prove to us that we are not persecuted on account of our religion; and I, without either philosophy or rhetoric, by two simple and plain questions, have made you confess that it is our religion which keeps my brethren and myself in the galleys; for you have asserted that if we made our formal abjuration, we should be set free at once; and, on the contrary, that there will never be any liberty for us if we do not abjure it." I should have pushed still further my reflections, upon his avowal, to show him the absurdity of his sophisms, but this father saw himself so thoroughly entrapped by his own mouth, that, fury overpowering his senses, he broke off the conversation with brutality and precipitation, calling us wicked and obstinate fellows, and cried to the *argousin* to come and chain us to our benches, forbidding him to give us the slightest alleviation from our chains.

This incident shows the diabolical character of these cunning and cruel missionaries. I now pass on to the events which gained us our liberty.

Some amusing instances occur of the strange ignorance which generally prevailed regarding the character of the Protestants. Huguenots were supposed to be sorcerers by some, and by others prophets. A horrible picture, although not the worst in the volume, is given of their imprisonment in the Chateau de la Tournelle in Paris. There were persons there guilty of every kind of crime, confined in a vast gloomy dungeon—the writer describes it as a spacious kind of cellar. It was furnished with huge beams of oak, placed at the distance of about three feet apart, and two feet and a-half in thickness,

so arranged and fixed to the floor that they seemed at first sight like benches. But, to these benches, thick iron chains were attached, one and a-half feet in length and two feet apart; and, at the end of these chains, was an iron collar. When the wretched creatures arrived in the dungeon, they were made to lie in a half-reclining posture, so that their heads might rest on the beam; then the collar was fixed round their necks, closed and riveted on an anvil, with heavy blows of a hammer. About twenty were chained in a file; and the cellar contained about five hundred. The picture is a dreadful one—for a man so bound could not lie down at full length; the beam upon which his head was fixed being so high that he could neither sit nor stand upright. Thus they were kept for several days and nights, half-lying, half-sitting, in a state of horrible torture; they were visited by the "Grey Sisters of Paris," who brought them soup and bread.

The mother-superior, who came every day to our dungeon to serve out the soup to the galley-slaves, always stayed a quarter of an hour with me, and gave me more to eat than I required. The other galley-slaves often laughed at me for this, calling me the favourite of the mother-abbess. One day, after giving me my portion, she said to me among other things, that it was a pity that we were not Christians. "Who has told you that, my mother?" said I; "we are Christians, by God's mercy." "What!" said she, "you are? But you believe in Moses?" "Do you not believe," asked I, "that Moses was a great prophet?" "I," said she, "believe in that impostor! in that false prophet who seduced so many Jews, as Mohammed seduced the Turks! Oh, no, thanks to the Lord, I am not guilty of such a heresy." I shrugged my shoulders at this ridiculous speech, and contented myself with telling her that it was neither the time nor the place to discuss this matter; but I only begged her to confess what she had just said, and she would see that her confessor (if perchance he knew more than she did) would certainly tell her that what she had said about Moses was a very great sin. One can judge from this whether these good women were capable of instructing the young.

The annals of the persecutions of Paganism furnish no details more horrible than those exercised at the instigation of these "Papal Missionaries" upon the unfortunate heroes and martyrs of a purer faith. Upon the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the chancellor, Le Tellier, sung "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace;" and declared that he would affix the seal to no other national document. He indulged, as has been truly said, in a "kind of senile ecstasy." The power—the human power and ability of man to inflict torture is very amazing; and few histories more wondrously reveal the latent

devil that slumbers in the soul. Corpses were torn from their graves, and lay unburied in the common sewers; ladies were cast into horrible dungeons, filled with mud and filth—they were deprived of their clothes, and linen and dresses taken from the hospitals and which had been worn by the most diseased patients and covered with stains of blood and ulcers, were given to them; they were several times a day visited by warders, and stripped and beaten. What a pleasant history this is! the history of the political triumphs of Rome! But we wander from the memories of Jean Marteilhe. We will not, however, dwell longer upon his descriptions of the horrors of his imprisonment. He was repeatedly told that, for any other crime “sufficient influence and friends at court might be found to obtain pardon; but no one dared to exert himself for those of the “reformed religion.” One of the captains, whose name we have mentioned already, the Chevalier de Langeron Maulevrier, hated the poor victims of the faith exceedingly; he was a Jesuit; and would often say, while they were engaged in their severe toil, “Go and refresh the backs of those Huguenots with a salad of strokes of the whip.” The bodies of those for whom he provided this delightful refreshment were naked and toiling in heavy rowing. Here also is another illustration. We avail ourselves of the translation from the *Quarterly Review*:—

“On one occasion,” says Marteilhe, ‘our galley was at Boulogne, where the Duc d’Aumont, afterwards Ambassador to the English Court, then resided. Our captain, M. de Langeron, entertained the Duke on board his vessel: and, as the sea was then calm, and he wished to give his guest some amusement, he proposed to him an excursion out to sea, to which the other assented. We rowed at an easy rate nearly to Dover, and the Duke observing the rough work and wretched condition of the rowers, remarked, among other things, that he could not understand how these poor wretches could sleep, being so closely packed together, and having no convenience for lying down, except under their benches; to which the captain replied, ‘I know very well how to make them sleep, and I will prove what I say by the effect of a good dose of opium, which I am preparing for them.’ He then called the *Comite*, and gave him his orders to tack about and return to Boulogne. The tide and wind were now against us, and we were about ten leagues from harbour. Having put the galley about, the captain gave orders to pull ‘hard all’ at the double quick stroke. This stroke is the most severe labour that can be conceived, and takes more out of a crew in one hour than four hours of pulling at the ordinary rate, not to mention that it is impossible to keep it up without sometimes getting out of stroke, and then the whip falls on the rowers like hail. At last we reached Boulogne, but so exhausted and sore with blows that we could hardly

move arm or leg. The captain directed the Comite to order all hands to lie down, which was done at the sound of the whistle. Meanwhile the Duke and his officers sat down to dinner, and upon their getting up from table after midnight, the captain told the Duke that he should like him to see the effect of his opium, and taking him along the gangway, they saw the wretched crew, of whom the greater part were really asleep; but some unable to close their eyes for pain pretended to be so, having had orders to that effect from the captain, who did not choose that his opium should appear to have failed of its effects. But what a horrible sight was then presented to view! Six miserable creatures cowering in a heap one over the other under each bench, all perfectly naked, for none of them had had strength left to put on their shirts; most of them bloody, from the stripes of the whip, and their bodies reeking with sweat. 'See, Sir,' said the captain to his guest, 'whether I don't know the secret of making these fellows sleep; I will now show you that I can make them wake up also.' He then gave the order to the Comite, who sounded the whistle. Then appeared the most piteous sight that can be imagined. Scarcely one among them was able to rise, their limbs and bodies were so stiff; and it was only by sharp blows of the whip that they were all forced to get up, putting themselves into ludicrous and painful contortions as they did so."

The grief in our hearts exclaims; "Where was God all this time? and where were his lightnings and his judgments, and 'his plagues?'" It is satisfactory to feel that in due time they came. There are two narratives we wish [our space permitted us to cite. We shall convey a very wrong impression of the book, if we permit it to be supposed that it is simply the story of the escaped victim of the galleys, reciting in morose and acrid temper his own sufferings. Without a doubt it is to us chiefly interesting as the story of a Huguenot; but it is a true piece of human writing, and is really pervaded by a sweet spirit of pensive cheerfulness. Then again, we have intimated that it has the interest of stirring adventure interwoven with the Huguenot story. The story of the salvation of the galley from wreck by the marvellous wisdom and pilot tact of Peter Bart, the ordinarily drunken fisherman, reads like a wild piece of romance; it is exactly the kind of tale that entrances the boy while he reads Defoe. They were cruising along the shores of Dover, in what seemed beautiful weather, "so that we might have held a lighted candle at the top of the mast." Peter Bart knew (the wise old fellow) that it was a deceitful calm; and implored the captain to follow his advice, for which he was well laughed at; but the change came:—

Then every one knew that shipwreck was inevitable; each one cried, groaned, and prayed. The chaplain exposed the Holy Sa-

crament, gave the blessing and absolution to those who felt a real contrition, and had neither time or opportunity to go to confession. The most singular thing in this great calamity, was to hear these wretched convicts, condemned for their crimes, cry aloud to the commander and officers, "Come, gentlemen, we shall soon be equal; for it won't be long before we shall all drink out of the same glass." Judge what contrition and repentance they had for their crimes! At last, in this horrible extremity, while every one was expecting that instant death which was visible to all eyes, the commander caught sight of Peter Bart, who was weeping and lamenting. "My dear Peter," said he, "if I had believed you, we should not have been in this desperate plight. Have you no expedient to save us from this inevitable peril?" "What good is it," said Peter, "for me to counsel or to act if I am not listened to? Yes, I have, by God's grace, a means of escaping from this perilous position. Now, I declare to you that if my own life was not involved in it, I would leave you all to drown like pigs, as you are!" This impertinence was readily pardoned him, in the hope that he might save our lives. "But," added he, "I must stipulate not to be contradicted or opposed in any manœuvre which will appear ridiculous to you at first; you must obey my commands, or you will all perish."

The commander at once gave orders, by beat of drum, that Peter Bart was to be strictly obeyed, on pain of death; after which Peter asked the commander if he had a purse of gold. "Yes," said he, "here it is, dispose of it as if it were your own." Peter, after taking out four louis d'or, gave it back to him. Then he asked the sailors of the galley if there were four among them quite prepared to do what he ordered them, promising that each should receive a louis for drink-money. More than twenty presented themselves. He selected four of the most determined, whom he put into the large boat, called the *caïque*, which is always kept on board the galleys when they go to sea. He made them take an anchor in this boat, but the cable remained in the galley to be told out as they got farther from us. This being done, the boat was let down into the sea with its four men and the anchor. Peter ordered them to take it from the stern of the galley, and cast it upon the rock upon which we were driving. At this order every one shrugged their shoulders, not being able to understand what this anchor could do from the *stern* of the galley, as it was from the *bows* that it ought to be held. The commander could not help asking him what was the use of this anchor. Peter replied, "you will see, please God." The four sailors succeeded, though with great difficulty, and in danger of being swamped, and cast the anchor against the rock. Then Peter, seizing the commander's hand, exclaimed, "We are saved, thank God!" But still no one understood his manœuvre.

Peter now lowered the yard-arm, to which he fastened the large sail, which he reefed, tying it with such knots that when he pulled the sheet of the sail the knots would loosen, and the sail be at once unfurled. The yard-arm was then hoisted up again, and he ordered four men with axes to be ready to cut the four cables of the anchors

which were cast from the bows of the galley when he commanded them ; then he hauled in and tightened the cable of the anchor which he had cast from the stern against the rock, and told a man with an axe to be ready to cut it at his command. This done, and everything being prepared in the manner that I have described, he ordered the four men at the bows to cut the cables of the four anchors. As soon as the galley was released at the bows she began to turn, because she was held firmly by the anchor at the stern ; and if they had given her time she would have turned right round. When Peter saw that the galley had turned sufficiently to take a quarter wind into her sail, he drew the sheet of the sail. Immediately the knots were loosened, and in a twinkling the sail was unfurled and took the wind. At the same moment the cable of the stern anchor was cut ; and Peter, himself holding the helm, made the galley fly out of this fatal cove like an arrow from a cross-bow. Thus, by God's great mercy, and through the skill of Peter Bart, we were saved from this great and manifest peril of being dashed upon the rocks of this cove, and once more found ourselves in the open sea.

But we cannot tell the whole story—how far they were yet to be indebted to the old fisherman. Perhaps even still more stirring is the description of the fight at the mouth of the Thames and the taking the poor prize of “The Nightingale,” after such a resistance by the English captain as will make an English boy's heart beat. He was, in fact, acting as convoy to a fleet of merchant ships, thirty-five in number—his own vessel, carrying thirty-six guns, escorting them from the Texel to the Thames. He sustained the fight with the galley until he secured the safety of the fleet—they all entered the Thames ; his vessel was taken ; but even then, in order to give them a little more time to escape from the French, he declared that he would only surrender his sword into the hands of the commander of the galleys. At last, however, he gave up his sword ; and, when the hero came on board, the commander was surprised to see a very little man, deformed and hump-backed. He told the commander that, from the first, he was resolved to sacrifice his own ship and his own person, to preserve the property he had undertaken to defend. His independence charmed the French commander, who returned him his sword, saying, “Take back your sword, Sir ; you deserve only too well to wear it ; and you are my prisoner only in name ;” and this was said by that very Chevalier de Langeron whose expression “Go and refresh the backs of those Huguenots with a salad of strokes of the whip,” we quoted just now—so close may be the companionship in the same character of the noblest sense of chivalry, and a capacity for diabolical cruelty. We have said enough to convince our readers of the rich interest of this volume ; it is

a capital book to be read aloud by the fireside ; a first-rate book for boys ; it is a mournful little piece of biography, shedding a light upon a sad page of church history, It will make a capital Christmas present, and we should like to hear of the Tract Society publishing an illustrated edition ; it would illustrate well. We are, at any rate, heartily thankful to the Society for publishing it in this form ; and wish it, for every reason, an immense sale.

II.

RECENT CONTRIBUTIONS TO FOLK LORE.*

MR. NALL'S thick, unattractive-looking book, of upwards of seven hundred closely printed pages, is just the sort of volume one would like to find upon a wet day in a great lonely house amongst the moors, and carry to a pleasant fire-side to read. It is full of queer, entertaining, and instructive matter ; it exhibits an amazing amount of reading ; and it is not the less valuable to a reader who knows how to derive enjoyment from it, because its materials are, Mr. Nall must forgive us for saying, dealt with in an altogether unscientific and unmethodical manner. It is a great heap of things connected with the folk-lore of the region to which it refers ; such books are to us deeply interesting. We hail every such volume with real gratitude ; for our age is fast obliterating the distinctness of old words, and epitaphs on tombstones, and old houses ; and we are glad to see efforts made in any part of England to preserve pieces of the wreck of old manners and customs, old vernacularisms and dialect, old churches or buildings ; and Mr. Nall has accumulated a great deal of matter which will be interesting. We think he has quite missed the mark in

- 1 *Great Yarmouth and Lowestoft. A Hand-book for Visitors and Residents ; with chapters on the Archæology, Natural History, &c., of the district ; A History, with Statistics, of the East Coast Herring Fishery ; and an Etymological and Comparative Glossary of the Dialect of East Anglia.* By John Graves Nall. Longmans.
- 2 *The History of Sign-boards, from the Earlier Times to the Present Day.* By Jacob Larwood and John Camden Hotten. With one hundred illustrations in fac-simile. By J. Larwood. John Camden Hotten.

calling his volume a hand-book—it is quite fearful to regard it in that light; and by doing so he does his work injustice. We would not have wished it to be less, but it would have been better to have given it a more library-like form, and to have kept the various subjects more distinct from each other—the fiscal and social, the archæological and the etymological. He says he has given the best part of five years' labour to his subject; he has used his five years so well, that we wish he had devoted yet more time to the reduction of the whole to system, and especially to the looking at the dialect and provincialisms of East Anglia, to which he devotes so large a space, through the admirable lenses of modern science, and its method in dealing with such subjects; and had availed himself of the reflecting lights shed upon this department by a knowledge of the dialects and provincialisms of other countries. A little handbook for people who want to know about Yarmouth and its neighbourhood would be sufficient; but we fancy a man like Mr. Nall, who has accumulated so much, must have a great deal more. What sort of volume that may be which, in large paper, is specially prepared for subscribers, we know not; its bulkiness must be something fearful to encounter. We can only hope that this edition may soon be exhausted, and that another may place the author's work among the permanent collections, illustrating the neighbourhoods which seem to have received so large a share of his painstaking and affectionate interests. To go through the volume in more than a cursory manner, would be, with reference to our space, impossible, as perhaps to our readers it would be undesirable. A very interesting work Mr. Nall has accomplished, while haunting old graveyards. Churches and graveyards seem to have been a passion with him; he says, not less truly than affectingly:—

And here, at the outset of our rambles in the villages of Lothingland, it is but fair to notify that our descriptions are devoted chiefly to the churches, with their graveyards. Should any reader object to this, we reply, they are the first places to which we are unconsciously drawn. Here, visible to all, are the efforts of man's genius and skill, consecrated by his piety. Without them, our villages for the most part would be but as Kaffir kraals, or Indian wigwams, mere congregations of human animals engaged in providing for the wants of the body. Within and around these hallowed shrines, not dead but sleeping, rest the forefathers of the hamlet, their tombs bearing witness to man's hope and faith in his immortality. That graveyard is the village, for those without its walls are a mere handful, as compared with those who dwell within. Here may be traced its bygone history, the names of

its families, their rise, growth, and extinction, with mute but unerring indications of their wealth or poverty, pride or humility; and, from an examination of the sacred fabric, we glean the story of the past wealth and importance of the hamlet, and of its present prosperity or decay.

Our readers, then, will expect to find that he has fished up from the wasting waters of oblivion and death a good many singular epitaphs; he has so, of various kinds—some queer, some quaint, and some pathetic. In search of such, while he confesses to many a profitless quest, he has discovered many whose appropriate beauty or quaint devoutness have repaid the search; but epitaphs are short-lived, and do not long survive the pious hands which reared the stones on which they were recorded. In South Wold church lies Thomas Gardner, the learned and laborious historian of Dunwich, a salt officer.

He lies between his two wives, and the epitaphs he has had inscribed over them bespeak the quaint nature of the man. On the south stone, to the memory of his first wife and daughter Rachael:—

“Virtue crowned during life,
Both the daughter and the wife.”

On the north side, to his second wife, Mary—

“Honour ever did attend
Her just dealings to the end.”

The central stone, “In memory of Thomas Gardner, salt officer, who died March 30th, 1769, aged 79 years.

“Between HONOUR and VIRTUE here doth lie,
The remains of old antiquity.”

Thoroughly quaint is the following, in the village of Haddiscoe, on the outer side of the south wall of the churchyard—

William Slater, Yarmouth stage coachman, died October 9th, 1776, aged 59.

“Here lies Will Slater, honest man,
Deny it envy, if you can,
True to his business, and his trust,
Always punctual, always just,
His horses, could they speak, would tell
They loved their good old master well,
His up-hill work is chiefly done,
His stage is ended, race is run,
One journey is remaining still,
To climb up Sion’s holy hill,
And now his faults are all forgiven,
Elijah-like drive up to heaven,
Take the reward of all his pains,
And leave to other hands the reins.”

Lowestoft has a quaint inscription over the remains of the ministers who have laboured there :

“ Here lie your Pain Full,
Ministers. Lament;
You Must Account How You
This Life Have Spent;
Worthy Your Tears, He's Dead,
His Worke Is Done,
Live What He Taught You,
For His Glass Is Run.
His Soule's In Blisse, The Dust
His Body Takes.
Thus Wee Loose All, While
Heaven & Earth Part Stakes.
But Patiently Await, He
Shall Arise,
By An Habeas Corpus, At
The Last Assize.”

The following is an Epitaph on John Carter, an alderman of Yarmouth, who entertained Cromwell when he visited the town. It is said that in his house the death of the King, Charles I., was determined on. Mr. Nall says :—

Colonel Goffe had found a safe place of refuge in New England. John Carter appears to have resigned his gown and retired from public notice. He had grown old, and, like the great poet of his party, could exclaim, “ that his lot had fallen on evil days.” Many of the friends with whom he had cast in his lot in that stirring and eventful period, were now mouldering in bloody and desecrated graves, or had fled to the uttermost corners of the earth. There is a mournful significance in the lines which were engraven on his tomb in the chancel of St. Nicholas' Church, where he was buried in 1667, aged 73 :—

“ His court, his fight, his race,
Thus finished, fought, and run
Death brings him to the place
From whence is no return.
Never did seaman harbour spy,
Nor pilgrim see his home draw nigh ;
Nor captive hear of his return,
Nor servant his indenture burn ;
Nor banished prince retrieve his crown.
Nor tired man at night lie down ;
With greater joy than he exprest,
At sight of his approaching rest.”

The following reveals a curious and painful piece of personal and social history, from the churchyard of St. Nicholas, in Yarmouth :—

On a flat stone, midway between the north transept and the old

wall, is an epitaph now nearly obliterated:—"In memory of Mary, daughter of that cruel father, Mr. Thomas Osborn, grandchild of that worthy gentleman, Major Thaxton, widow of George Ward, the loving and tender wife of Robert Harnard, obiit July 14, 1728, aged 50 years. Also Mary, daughter of the above Mary and Robert Harnard, obiit November, 24, 1721, aged 4 years, 5 months. Also, the remains of Robert Harnard, the loving husband of the above Mary Harnard, who departed this life, 14th June, 1747, aged 66.

Note by Cooper. "On the solemnisation of the marriage of Mary with George Ward, as they were returning by the South Porch of the Church, a press-gang who had been ordered by the father of Mary, pressed the husband, and sent him off to sea, and Mary never saw him more."

And here is one not very old, but it possesses very much antique quaintness and tenderness, from Belton churchyard.

On a tomb near the south porch, is the following:—

John Dennington, 1792, æt. 49.

"Hark, my gay friend, that solemn toll
Speaks ye departure of ye soul,
'Tis gone, that's all, we know not where,
How ye unbodied soul does fare,
In that mysterious world none knows,
But God alone to whom it goes,
To whom departed souls return,
To take their doom, to smile or mourn.
Wise Heaven to render search perplex,
Has drawn 'twixt this world and the next,
A dark impenetrable screen,
All behind is yet unseen.
This hour perhaps our friend is well,
The next we hear his passing bell,
He dies, and then for ought we see,
Ceases at once to breathe and be.
Swift flies ye soul, perhaps 'tis gone
A thousand leagues beyond ye sun,
Or twice ten thousand more, twice told,
Ere ye forsaken clay is cold,
And oh! what worlds must I survey,
The moment that I leave this clay,
How sudden the surprise, how new,
Great God! let it be happy too."

As Yarmouth gives to the book its principal title and more prominent interest, Mr. Nall naturally devotes to that curious and ancient seaport a very considerable place in his enquiries. One feature in which it resembles no other English town, is its *rows* or lanes—long, narrow, straight—the houses retreating into little square courts close and overhanging, paved with pebbles, the chosen localities of little shopkeepers. One hundred and

forty-five in number, these rows are too narrow to admit of the passage of any vehicles except the peculiar description of Yarmouth cart called trolls—constructions of a sledge-like character; yet they seem—by their buildings containing spacious chambers, some covered with antique carvings, now worn, decayed, and worm-eaten, with frequent darkened casements giving peculiar and picturesque effects of light and shadow, to have been once the abodes of the respectable and well-to-do burgesses of other times. Mr. Nall repeoples these quaint abodes, and finds them to be worthy counterparts of the Dutch interiors of Metzu or Gerard Dow. The term is probably a corruption of the French *Rue*, or street. Mr. Palmer, a writer upon the town, to whom Mr. Nall confesses his obligations, says:—

They were not numbered until 1804; prior to which period, each could only be distinguished by the name of some person living in or adjoining it, as "Dame Aveline's Rowe;" unless a peculiar name had been acquired, such as "a certain lane called le Castel Rowe," (now No. 99), by which it is still known; and in the time of King Edward III., we read of a row which had acquired the doubtful designation of "Helle Rowe." A row (No. 95) leading from the Dene side to Middlegate-street, was called "Kitty Witches' Row." It is remarkable for its singularly irregular construction; and, whilst it measures at the entrance from King Street, four feet and a half in breadth, the buildings on either side are gradually contracted together, until at the outlet only a narrow passage of barely thirty inches is left for foot passengers. Some derive its name from one Christopher Wyche, who is said to have had a house here; whilst others believe that it was once inhabited by "Kitty Witches," who, according to Formby, (*Vocabulary of East Anglia*) were women of the lowest order, who dressed themselves in a grotesque manner, and went from house to house, at some particular period of the year, levying contributions.

According to Mr. Nall, Yarmouth retains still many curious and interesting old houses—containing the carved chimney-pieces of the sixteenth century—the pendent ceilings of a later period—the old family mansion, the half timbered style or herring-bone pattern of the reign of Elizabeth. In that age, a sudden flush of prosperity seems to have overspread the town; its merchants participated largely in the benefits of the buccaneering enterprises of Drake and Raleigh, and buccaneers of a less honoured name; and here and there a crypt, an arch-way, a groined roof, an old doorway, a corbel, or a moulding, reward the industrious explorations of the antiquary. It was then a place which, to the eye of imagination, now seems as if it would have been well worthy of the pleasant pen of Washington Irving to describe; the picturesque habitations of the merchants over-

looked the Dene—the Avenue of Limes—or, from the upper chambers, a rich and glorious Sea View, reminding them often of the source of their independence and their wealth. To turn to later times, when wealth made them somewhat servile and ridiculous, we read how the corporation of Yarmouth made singular provisions for their comfort and accommodation in the church. The following are some of the comfortable arrangements of the Aldermans' gallery. Old Manship, a worthy chronicler, tells us :—

If I should write, I cannot express in words the excellency of the method of those great constitutions and orders, ordained for order and comeliness in that church, according to the use of the same observed. Nay, it will and may be marvelled at, yea, and scarcely believed, that so many thousands could be so conveniently contained and seated within so small a compass of hearing, and have place convenient, as in the same congregation be commonly assembled, it consisting *at least of six thousand communicants* : yet so well be the rooms and seats contrived, that there is space sufficient for every one that will be attentive to hear that which is there delivered. For, first, *the bailiffs and aldermen*, their brethren, to the end that they, as those to whom the rule of the people is committed, *may the better behold the demeanour of the whole congregation there assembled, be mounted on a gallery, six feet above the residue*, on the south side of the church aforesaid, which doth contain in length from east to west, 50 feet, *whose wives be seated directly before them, in a very neat chapel made for that purpose*. In the next rank or class before them, in one large and spacious room, which doth contain in length from east to west sixty-five feet, be those eight-and-forty which be of the Common Council, placed every one according to his election of incoming, except those eight Constables taken out of that number, who do sit in two several rooms, to be ready by themselves when any sudden accident happeneth ; *every one of these enjoying the sight of his own wife, who directly sitteth also before him*.

But the reputation of Yarmouth for political consistency does not seem anciently to have been of the highest order ; it was one of the strongholds of Cromwell's adherents ; and, when the Protector died, it presented to the "Lord Richard," an address remarkable for its sycophancy ; the Corporation professed that they could not—

"Without the deepest and most sad resentment, remember that dark dispensation of the most wise God, in taking out of this world His Highness' most renowned father,—the prince and leader of His people in the three nations—translating him from a temporal to an immortal crown ;" lamenting that one "so good, so great, the Captain of the Lord's host," had "fallen in Israel," comforting themselves "it pleasing our good God to bind up our wounds, and to heal the breach of the

daughter of His people, by your Highness' so immediate peaceful succession, after so many cursed plots of the sons of Belial, and children of darkness."

They described themselves :

* * * * *

"Unworthy to be numbered amongst the least of the tribes of Israel"—"then will our God say, I have found one, the son of my servant, a man after mine own heart, he shall fulfil all my will; and then shall Jacob rejoice and Israel shall be glad, and not cease to pray for the precious things of heaven, above him, and of the earth beneath, and the fulness thereof, and for the good will of him that dwelt in the bush. Let this blessing come upon the head of your highness, and upon the top of the head of him that is separated above his brethren."

But, upon the Restoration, the corporation changed its note; and, purged and loyal, it became just as sycophantish to Charles II., declaring that "in him they lived and moved and had their being;" and they presented him with four herrings made of gold, and a train costing £250. Truly this corporation fulfilled the terms of their oath: "You shall well and *indifferently* administer," &c. &c.

Mr. Nall, in his wanderings into neighbouring villages or towns, has not been unimpressed by those scenes which give so sweet and delightful an English reality to the descriptions of Crabbe. He brings before us in this volume the river scenery of Yarmouth, and sets the banks of the Yare forth in very attractive colours, in the lines of the poet whose name we have just mentioned :

"Various, as beauteous, Nature, is thy face,"
Exclaim'd Orlando; "all that grows has grace;
All are appropriate—bog, and marsh, and fen,
Are only poor to undiscerning men;
Here may the nice and curious eye explore
How nature's hand adorns the rashy moor;
Here the rare moss in secret shade is found:
Here the sweet myrtle of the shaking ground:
Beauties are these that from the view retire,
But well repay th' attention they require."

Landscapes abound—dewy sylvan glades such as Gainsborough and Constable—and let us not forget Norfolk's own artist—Old Crome, loved to paint: "Here," says our enthusiastic author, are "poetical landscapes equalling aught of the great Dutch masters; tranquil cattle pieces worthy of Paul Potter; sunny Cuyp, romantic Hobbimas, gloomy Ruysdaels, "moonlit Vanderneers;" while the grasses of the river

scenery, luxuriant and interspersed with the fresh and salt-water vegetation, have a surpassing variety of green tints, from dull yellow to dark browns—blue uplands with their russet heaths,—gleams of sunlight suddenly and momentarily lighting up the sails of some far-off windmill.

The slow canal, the yellow-blossomed vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail.

It is a volume of curious and delightful odds and ends. We could cite many which must be interesting. Mr. Nall finds himself in Gorleston Church; and he quotes for us indignantly the following description of the most summary way in which Francis Jessope, armed with the Earl of Manchester's commission during the Civil Wars, despoiled it of all its bravery, and left it a desecrated wreck—a ghost and shadow of all its former splendour:—

In the chancel, as it is called, we took up twenty brazen superstitious inscriptions, *Ora pro nobis*, &c.; broke twelve apostles, carved in wood, and cherubims, and a lamb with a cross; and took up four superstitious inscriptions in brass, in the north chancel, *Jesu filii Dei miserere mei*, &c.; broke in pieces the rails, and broke down twenty-two popish pictures of angels and saints. We did deface the font and a cross on the font; and took up a brass inscription there, with *Cujus animæ propitiatur Deus*, and "Pray for ye soul," &c., in English. We took up thirteen superstitious brasses. Ordered Moses with his rod and Aaron with his mitre, to be taken down. Ordered eighteen angels off the roof, and cherubims to be taken down, and nineteen pictures on the windows. The organ I brake; and we brake seven popish pictures in the chancel window,—one of Christ, another of St. Andrew, another of St. James, &c. We ordered the steps to be levelled by the parson of the town; and brake the popish inscription, "*My flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed.*" I gave orders to break in pieces the carved work, which I have seen done. There were six superstitious pictures, one crucifix, and the Virgin Mary with the infant Jesus in her arms, and Christ lying in a manger, and the three kings coming to Christ with presents, and three bishops with their mitres and crosier staffs, and eighteen Jesuses written in capital letters, which we gave orders to do out. A picture of St. George, and many others which I remember not, with divers pictures in the windows, which we could not reach, neither would they help us to raise ladders; so we left a warrant with the constable to do it in fourteen days. We brake down a pot of holy water, St. Andrew with his cross, and St. Catherine with her wheel; and we took down the cover of the font, and the four evangelists, and a triangle for the Trinity, a superstitious picture of St. Peter and his keys, an eagle, and a lion with wings. In Bacon's isle was a friar with a shaven crown, praying to God in these words, *Miserere mei Deus*,—which we brake down. We brake a holy water

font in the chancel. We rent to pieces a hood and surplices. In the chancel was Peter pictured on the windows, with his heels upwards, and John Baptist, and twenty more superstitious pictures, which we brake; and I H S the Jesuit's badge, in the chancel window. In Bacon's isle, twelve superstitious pictures of angels and crosses, and a holy water font, and brasses with superstitious inscriptions. And in the cross alley we took up brazen figures and inscriptions, *Ora pro nobis*. We brake down a cross on the steeple, and three stone crosses in the chancel, and a stone cross in the porch.

We have left ourselves no space to dwell upon what is really the most valuable and important portion of Mr. Nall's interesting volume,—his Essay on the Dialect and Provincialisms of East Anglia and its copious Dialectical Lexicon—this really deserved a volume for itself. It is full of curious archaisms. It is true that many of the words are not peculiar to Norfolk and Suffolk; and more time and observation would have enabled Mr. Nall to do good service, by showing the relations of this speech to other rustic dialects—especially with the whole district denominated in the Heptarchy, Wessex. As it is, he has brought together words which are not found in many much more pretentious archæological dictionaries; and has illustrated their use by the witty or humorous stories circulating among the farms and the cottages of the people, or in the precious because rare pages of the old writers. We can only give illustrations of a few. Here is the word which gives the famous designation of Yarmouth *bloater*:—

BLOTE. To swell. Also to set a smoaking or drying by the fire.—*Bailey*.

Mr. Wedgewood writes (*Trans. Phil. Soc.*, 1855),—"I do not believe that to puff out, to swell, is the primary meaning of this word; nor yet to smoke, as it is often explained. The fact is that there are two ways of preserving herrings; one intended to last for a comparatively short time, when the juices of the animal are allowed to remain; and it is subjected to a single smoking only; the other, when the process of drying is thoroughly carried out, and the smoking process is repeated three times. Fish prepared in the former way are properly called bloaters or blote-herrings, while those that have undergone the more complete process are the true red-herring. *Derivation.* Isl., *blautr*, soft, soaked; Sw., *blot*; Dan., *blødagtig*, blod fisk, fresh undried fish, as opposed to *tor fisk*, cured fish.

"I have four dozen of fine firebrands in my belly, I have more smoke in my mouth than would *blote* a hundred herrings."—*Beaumont and Fletcher*.

"Why you stink like so many *blote-herrings*, newly taken out of the chimney."—*Ben Jonson*.

"Lay you an old courtier on the coals like a sausage or a *bloat-herring*."—*Idem*.

"Make a meal of a *bloat-herring*, water it with four shillings beer, and then swear we have dined as well as my Lord Mayor."—*Match at Midnight*,—*Old Play*—from *Nares*.

"Let the *bloat* king tempt you again to bed."—*Hamlet*.

By some writers a smoke-dried, and therefore shrivelled sense was attached to the word, thus—

And dry them like herrings with this smoak;
For herrings in the sea are large and full,
But shrink in *bloating*, and together pull."

Sylvester's Tobacco batt.

Bloaters are also called on the East Coast *blown herrings*, *bawen herrings* *bone herrings*. Also *tow-bowen herrings*, and, adds *Forby* '*bloaters*,' but we do not acknowledge the word!

Another famous prerogative of the Eastern Counties is the production of:

BANG. Suffolk cheese, made of milk several times skimmed. *Trip*, *Wonmil*, and Suffolk *thump*, are other local names for it.

Unrivall'd stands thy county cheese, O Giles!
Whose very name alone engenders smiles;
Whose fame abroad by every tongue is spoke,
The well-known butt of many a flinty joke,
Its name derision and reproach pursue,
And strangers tell of 'three times skimm'd skye blue.—*Blomfield*.

Its toughness has given rise to a number of local illustrations. In one, the cheese exclaims—

Those that made me were uncivil,
For they made me harder than the d—l;
Knives won't cut me; fire won't sweat me;
Dogs bark at me, but can't eat me.

"Hunger will break through stone walls, or anything except Suffolk cheese," is a proverb from Ray. Mowbray says, "it is only fit to be cut up into gate latches, a use to which it is often applied." Other writers represent it as most suitable for making wheels for wheelbarrows.

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STAM. To astonish, overcome with wonder, to fairly stun.

Su.-Goth., *stimma*, to make an uproar; O. Ger. *stam*. a stunning noise, report, rumour, filling with surprise and fear. Ger. *ungestumm*, tempestuous, blustering. Fl. *stommelen*, to make a loud din; Dan., *stime*, to make an uproar, hubbub; Wal., *stamuss*, astounded; Fr., *estommi*; Salop, *stomber*.

"But to break off from this so great a *stamme* to the mind."—*Fairfax*.

An Akenham rustic visiting the Suffolk coast for the first time, on his return from Aldborough, was asked by his master what he had seen. "Tha fare a rare lot o' water fur a small place like that," was his

answer. "Why, John," was the rejoinder, "that's the sea." "Well, I know'd ta war." "Well, and what did you think of it?" "I dun knaw, Sir, ta fared in such *stammin'* agonies all th' time I war theer, Sir."

At the same place, on the first night of the re-appearance of the great comet of Donati, a farmer who had just snuggled himself in bed was abruptly roused by one of his serving-men. "Who's that?" "Plase, Sir, that's me." "What do you want?" "Why, yar must come down, Sir, if yar plase. "What's the matter?" "Yar must come down, Sir, if yar plase." Down came the farmer in sulky mood, and was led out into the yard. "Dew yar but look theer, Sir," exclaimed the man excited, pointing to the comet, "I feel wholly *stammed* if that theer star don't fare to ha' bust hisself."

The following extensive list of the cousinships of a word is curious:—

GATS. Openings like those in the sand-banks of the Yarmouth Roads; Isl., *gat*, a gap, aperture, opening; *gata*, footpaths, narrow ways; *gatt*., a door-opening. In Dan., *gat*, a narrow inlet. Also Dut., a channel, harbour, *gaten*, holes, straits; Sw., *gata*, street, lane, common pavement; A. S., *gat*, a gate; *geat*, a gap, opening, door; *geath*, a street.

The Rev. I. Taylor finds the root in the A.S., *geat*, gate; Dan., *gata*, a street or road, respectively passages *along* or *through*. Sanskrit, *gati*, Zend., *gatu*, a road. From the same root come *gut*, and the nautical *gat* a passage through a narrow channel, as the *Cattegat*. Othergates, Sussex provine. for otherways. The *ghats*, or *ghauts*, of India, are the passages to the river side, and the passes through the western line of hills.

Gat, says Bartlett, Dict. of Americanisms, "is applied to several straits in the vicinity of New York," named by the Dutch settlers.

Gates, on the Kentish coast, are waggon tracks, cut on a slope through the face of the cliff down to the beach below, and used for drawing up sea-weed on to the crops for manure.—*Wright's Provinc. Dict.*

"*Gate*, *gyet*, a way, path or street. In many North Country towns the names of streets which end with *gate*, as Narrow-gate, &c., have no allusion to gates having ever been there."—*Brockett's Gloss. North Country Words*. *Gate*, way, path.—Teesdale. "Let him e'en gaing his ain *gate*, Sc. saying. "Town-gate, the street.—Craven. *Gaut* or *gote*, a narrow opening or slip from a street to the shore.—Whitby. *Gate*, a road, a fence, a bar that opens.—Lane. A farm-yard.—Sussex. A road.—Chesh. *Glat*, a gap in a hedge.—Heref. and Salop. *Gotless*, heedless, careless.—East Ang.

Chaucer's line, "*gat toothed*, I was, and that became me well,"—"Wife of Bath,"—has perplexed his editors. It is generally regarded, remarks Archbishop Trench, in his *Deficiencies in our English Dictionaries*, as a solitary appearance of the word in print. He finds, however, two centuries later, two instances of gap-toothed, in one of which the word is exchanged for "tut-mouthed," projection of the

lower jaw. [The derivation of *gap* is distinct from that of *gat*. A. S., *geapan*; sw., *gapa*.]

Thy mone pynnes bene lyche old yvory,
Here are stumps feble, and her are none,
Holes and *gappes* ther are, I nowe for why.—*Lydgate's Advice to an old Gentleman who wished for a young wife*.

Wedgewood derives from Norse *glestent*, having teeth apart; *glisa*, to shine through; *glett*, an opening in the clouds; *gletta*, a peep; *glott*, an opening, hole, the l being dropt.—*Glestand*, Sw., is *gap-toothed*.

The music of "sweet satyric Nash," was characterised by one of his contemporaries, as "armed with a *gag-tooth*," a tusk,—says Disraeli. His bitter foe Gabriel Harvey pounced upon the simile; and, in the prologue to his lengthy tirade against Nash, the *Pierce's Supplication*, 1593, exclaims, "I'll lead the *gag-tooth'd* fop a new-found dance." *Gag-teeth*, said of prominent ones, occurs in var. Eng. dialects; *gag*, Gael., is fissured, cleft, gaping; Isl. *gagr*, oblique, awry.

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MAWTHUR, MOTHER and MAU'R. A girl. The most curious word in the East Anglian vocabulary. A woman and her *mawther* means a woman and her daughter.

At a trial at Norwich, when it was asked who was the evidence of what had been stated, the reply, "*a mother playing on the planchard*" completely nonplussed the judge, until the phrase was interpreted to him as "a girl playing on the floor." The word occurs frequently in Tusser. Ben Jonson uses it in his *Alchymist*—"Away, you talk like a foolish *mawther*!" says Restive to Dame Pliant, Act iv. 7. His servitor and pupil, Richard Brome, makes a more felicitous use of the word.

Bloomfield also employs the term in his *Suffolk Ballad*:—

When once a giggling *mawther* you,
And I a red-faced chubby boy.

Sir H. Spelman, seeking to rescue the word from ridicule, asserts that it was applied by our Danish ancestors to the noble virgins, selected to sing the praise of heroes. They were called *scald-moers*, *singing mawthers*, and complains that the Danish word *moer*, an unmarried girl, had become corrupted to mother. The two words are effectually distinguished in the local pronunciation, *mawther* being also usually abridged to *mau'r*. In Essex it is applied contemptuously to describe a great awkward girl.

Moder, servaunte or wenche.—*Pr. Pr.*, 1440. *Pucra*, a woman chylde, callyd in Cambrydgeshyre a *modder*. *Pupa*, a yonge wenche, a gyrl, a *modder*.—Elyot, author of the *first Eng. Lat. Dict.*, 1538. *Fille*, a maid, girle, *modder*, lasse.—*Cotgr. Fr. Dict.*, 1634. Dut.; *moeder*, the womb; Belg. and Fl. *molde*, a girl; Eris., *moder*; Dan., *maar*, maid; *möbarn*, female child; Sw., *mö*. Bailey has *mother*, a young girl, North Country word. It., *matta*, girl, especially in N. Italy and *Rhætia*, says, *Diez.*, from O. H. G., *magat*; Ger. *magd*. Jamieson has Sc. *may*, a maid; Moes. Goes., *mawi*. The Isl. has *maer*, a maid.

III.

RALEIGH'S "STORY OF JONAH THE PROPHET." *

THIS new volume from the pen of Dr. Raleigh will more than sustain the reputation of the author of "Quiet Resting Places;" its appearance is about the most remarkable we ever remember to have found associated with a volume of sermons, and appeals quite as much to the *recherché* tastes of the drawing-room table, as its matter conducts to the oratory or the study; the illuminations at the opening of each discourse; the map upon the title-page; the sketches from the antique; the tinted frontispiece illustrating Jonah's traditional tomb—all give to the volume an appearance of artistic elegance which certainly should not be unnoticed in the introduction of the volume to our readers. Our discourse, naturally, is rather with the artist of the pen than the artist of the pencil; the nature of the volume will be anticipated by readers who know Dr. Raleigh's manner; it is eminently homiletic; as, while there are matters in the small book of Jonah which have furnished plenty of material for critical acumen and exploration, and other matters which have called into play the subtle casuistries of disputants in the more abstract fields of thought, it is not the book we suppose a man would select who designed to devote much attention to such departments of mental work. It is, in fact, a very homiletical book; its lessons are immediate and striking; and, from the beginning to the end, they seem to go right home to the conscience. This was discovered by old John King, afterwards Bishop of London, in his forty-eight lectures, delivered at York in 1594, on the Book of Jonah; and Dr. Raleigh's book reminds us more of the old Bishop than of any other of the many discourses upon that amphibious prophet—for Jonah has been looking up a good deal lately; very much has been said about him. We noticed, a month or two since, a recent volume of sermons; the Religious Tract Society has just published a little volume,† especially adapted for use by Sunday School Teachers in illustrating the story of Jonah in the class; as assuredly the story

* *The Story of Jonah the Prophet.* By Alexander Raleigh, D.D., of Canonbury. Adam and Charles Black.

† *Jonah the Prophet: Lessons on his Life.* By Professor Gaussen. Addresses delivered to a Sunday-school at Geneva. Translated from the French. Religious Tract Society.

of Jonah is especially fitted to press home certain divine morals upon the attention of children. As to the whole range of criticism, or personal reflection, Dr. Pusey's learned elaborations in his work on the Minor Prophets, leaves very little in the way of information to be discovered or desired. As an illustration of the many interesting matters which transpire in a careful study of the book, the article by Dr. Eadie in Dr. Alexander's recently published Edition of "*Kitto's Encyclopædia*," is very interesting. Upon such labours, with which he shows himself to be quite familiar, Dr. Raleigh comes with hortative power. We need not, of course, remark that his style is eminently hortatory, and he weaves results of criticism dexterously, divesting them of their dry-boniness, and making them parts of an arresting picture to waylay and announce a message to the conscience. Dr. Raleigh reminds us of those artists who have so studied the muscles of the human frame in the dissecting-room, that they might seem to live in a free play upon the canvas; and this must always be the chief concern of the preacher with matters of archæology or criticism. His concern is to use knowledge so, that it may the more distinctly and really announce the lesson. Thus:—

Behold, then, the solitary figure, clad in the one garment of hair, marching steadily into the city. See the lifted hand, and listen to the startling cry: "*Od arbaim yom venineveh nehpacheth*"—"Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be destroyed." "Forty days and Nineveh overthrown" literally. The work of destruction shall be then complete. It may begin before the forty days are over. But when they are ended, Nineveh shall be as Sodom and Gomorrah—"turned upside down." He traverses the principal streets, making his way across the city, pausing now and again at conspicuous points, no doubt—before the houses of the great, in the haunts of the busy, where the slaves are working, where the prisoners are bound, where "violence" inflicts her cruelty and devours her prey; pausing, however, only for a few moments, and never varying the cry: "*Yet forty days and Nineveh shall be destroyed!*"

Jonah is, far more than has generally been supposed, a wondrously fine character for a close study. Notwithstanding all the books that, through many ages, have been written upon the book of Jonah; we should say that Jonah himself as a character has not been much studied, or very closely looked at. There is about him much of the magnificent abruptness, the sudden, apparition-like, spectral weirdness of Elijah; the prophetic vehemence, also the prophetic despair. Preachers have, for the most part, taken some word from the book, and wrung a homily out of it; "*What meanest thou, O sleeper? Arise and call*

"upon thy God." "They that observe lying vanities forsake their own mercy." "Salvation is of the Lord," and so on. This is very natural, and very right; the dramatic story of the sleeper and the sailors in the storm; the selfishness that sighed over the faded gourd, and so on; but we remember no writer, nor are we acquainted with any great work of art in any of our galleries, attempting to realise the man Jonah. Michael Angelo's, in the Sistine Chapel, we neither know ourselves nor do we suppose that most even who have visited the Sistine Chapel know. Yet it seems to us that, by a little study, Jonah stands out distinct and instructive as sculptor could make him; and Dr. Raleigh has a more distinct conception, a more vivid, artist-like portrayal of the prophet than we remember to have met with in literature, if we except the beautiful though very brief characterisation of Dean Stanley. In the *History of the Jewish Church*, however, the prophet stands dimly in the back-ground, while our present writer has made him the subject of a distinct and full-length painting, with all the reliefs and accessories of scenery and history. He seems a singular character to call "a dove," but there is much, very much about him that reminds us of that other Simon Bar-Jona, the son of the dove, a mingling of passionate earnestness and flexible and tender timidity—we should say a very Petrine sort of man; and there must have been in him the same fitness which gave him the call to hurl the thunders of his prophecy along the streets of Nineveh, that there was to send the Tishbite pouring the lightings of his awful denunciations over the heads of court and king, and queen and false priest. All this our author has brought out with considerable distinctness—he has made the prophet look more human-like. While a cursory reading of the Book of Jonah has won for the prophet the character of a morose, bilious and selfish man, there are sweet human touches that belong just as truly to his character, softening the more red and lurid shades, fitting his portrait to be very instructive to all readers in all times. We cannot go into the several vexed questions of criticism and history, which fascinate us and would deserve attention; our concern is, for this moment, with Dr. Raleigh's book; and that which strikes us, is what we may call a Jonah-like character in it—a faithful dealing out of the same lessons as those the prophet uttered, to a large city congregation; a dealing faithfully and searchingly with the consciences of men, with religious instincts and desires, but entrammelled week by week in the seductions and snares of the trade and luxury of a large city like London. The lessons read to the congregation at Canonbury, from the prophet sitting outside the city under

his gourd, are far higher than mere eloquence—they are prophet-like. Here is a noble passage on the rest of the prophet after his message:—

There, too, let us rest to-day. With Jonah let us “go out of the city on the east side and there make us a booth, and sit under it in the shadow till we see what shall become of the city.” How solemn and awful is the shadow over them and over us! Such a darkness never fell upon any city before. So great a judgment never hung over so many men. Sodom and Gomorrah actually suffered what is here only threatened. But no prophet went through their streets, no terror seized her inhabitants, no awful gloom from God gave warning of the swift-coming catastrophe. The guilty, careless men went to sleep—knowing nothing, fearing nothing—and awoke in the early morning to be suffocated with the brimstone, scorched and covered with the furious fiery storm. But how solemn is the deepening of the night over Nineveh! In the next lecture we shall see what they think who dwell in it, and what *they* feel and do, in the king’s palace and in the beast’s stall; meantime, what do *we* think, sitting in the booth and looking at the city?

It is meet time and place to think of the *exceeding sinfulness of sin*. This horror of great darkness which settles down with the night upon Nineveh is all brought by sin. This great shadow of death hanging in the air, above the heads of nearly a million of living souls or rolling in fiery waves in the earth beneath their feet, is all spread by sin! There is no physical necessity in the condition of the elements, for the storm did *not* fall. There is no political necessity in the state of the nations. There is no philosophical necessity arising out of the nature of God. It is a moral necessity for judgment, *made* by man’s sin. Ah! sin is a terrible thing, whether it ripens a city for divine vengeance, or whether it only ruins a soul! No night can be so dark as its shadow. No misery so bitter as that which it breeds. No earthly misfortune so appalling as the stupendous and remediless disaster in which it ends; for “sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death.”

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We may well think, as we sit and look at the city, *what a stupendous power a city has*—power for good and power for evil. It is natural to think now of its power for evil—its power to breed sin from less to more, from more to greater still, until it fills the city as the ocean fills its bed, and rises up from it in black and murky shadows such as mountains never cast, and threatening the very light of the stars. We dwell in “a great city”—the greatest in the world, the greatest of any age. What a stupendous power this city has to be one thing or the other; to be partly one thing and partly another! What forces lie in her bosom—some of them latent, but most of them active. What patriot, what Christian, will not lament with heavy and dolorous sorrow the strength and increase of the great sin-force of this city of our habitation! “The violence” of Nineveh would not be suffered in it. The vices of the cities of the plain, or some of them, would be hunted out of public sight as men hunt wild beasts. But for all that, the terrible sin-breeding force is active and fruitful in a

hundred ways. A luxury as enervating as that of Babylon is lolling or revelling in too many of her great houses. Impurities like those of Corinth, stain, and consume while they stain, large portions of her society. A flippancy like that of Athens rules the most pretentious and popular parts of her literature. The selfishness of Cain walks the streets of London, saying all day long, "Am I my brother's keeper?" The rapacious greed of Ahab works along the lines of her commerce. The folly of the worst fools of old still laughs in her giddy, godless multitudes, who say, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die."

I know the salt of the earth is here, working as potently in this great city as anywhere in the world. But the thing to be salted is wide and deep. Worlds upon worlds of human life and interests are within this city. When you touch one world, you are far from another. The resistance of sin is terrible. The putrescence of sin is swift. Are we gaining or losing? That is the awful question. Is the salt arresting the decay, and nourishing the springs of life? Or is the decay eating up the salt?

If we are gaining, although it may be very little, so little as often to be imperceptible, then there is life for the great city in the future; and hope for England, whose deepest roots and springs are here. If we are losing—losing here, and in the other great cities of the land, where the pulse of national life beats most strongly and most symptomatically of the nation's state—then *all* is being lost. The nation's life is ebbing. The judgments of God are mustering unseen, and—supposing the process of degeneracy unchecked—will expend themselves in swift calamities, or by slow decays—until London, with her sister cities of England, shall have passed away like so many cities once "great to God," now little more than shades and names in human history.

When Henry Smith, the great preacher of Elizabeth's reign, discoursed, as he did most admirably, in his own sensible straightforward manner of speech on Jonah, he said, "There are three things that move me to take this story in hand above all others—*First*, because you know the story, and therefore can the better conceive the matter as I go forward with it; *Secondly*, because it is brief, and doth contain a great deal in a little; *Thirdly*, because it is most agreeable for the time and slate of this sinful age wherein we live, and therefore most convenient for us"—and these are three very good reasons for the exhibition of the lessons of the prophet in any age. In our times, the prophet Jonah has come to be for the most part remembered only from the relation he bears to the great sea monster, whatever it might have been, in whose bowels he was entombed. The rationalism which refines upon words, and has been able to make out that the ravens which fed Elijah were Bedouins, or robbers that passed that way, has also distinctly made out that there is no mystery in the affair of Jonah's fish. The great fish which

the Lord prepared to swallow up Jonah, and in whose belly he was for three days and three nights, was only a great ship, with perhaps a fish at the figure-head, which, by divine appointment, or without divine appointment—for to such critics it does not matter—happened to pass in time to save him. We shall not stay to remark further upon these ideas, only to observe that a miracle or two more or less matters very little, when an entire story is received as miraculous and supernatural. Jonah has a supernatural character and mission, or he is nothing; and the Divine sovereignty is one of the most remarkable characteristics of the history. “The word of the Lord came to Jonah;” “The Lord sent out a great wind;” “The Lord prepared a great fish.” The infinite sovereignty, which can direct and arrange, is remarkably brought out; so, also, “The Lord spake unto the fish, and it vomited out Jonah on to the dry land,” in which, of course, we do not recognise the conscious knowledge of the creature, but the absolute operation of God; and it is quite noticeable how those who have refined and speculated, and argued, and sought to explain the nature of the mystic incident of the fish, seem to entirely overlook the noble and awful lessons involved in the prophet’s work and story; and they have sought to make it out to be a parable, an allegory, and so on, and not a real history. A holy man, with the insight of a holy nature, would perceive, on the contrary, how the lessons of the mode and principles of Divine Providence and government, so worthy of God, so admirable, so encouraging, and yet so humbling, so entirely one—with the same principles elaborated and wrought out more distinctly in the extended prophecies of Isaiah and Jeremiah; in Elijah’s rebukes, or Nahum’s tremendous tempest of words—are, in fact, the things in the book of Jonah which give confidence and rest to the whole. There is something to test the faith—that we expect; and it is immaterial; but there is something to try the character, to elevate the mind by exalted views of God, and to humble by the discovery of many points of likeness in the worst aspects of Jonah’s character to our own. The following passage we do not quote as by any means one of the best in Dr. Raleigh’s volume; but it has many varieties of pleasantness, and shows how, from all the words of the book, he elucidates a lesson:—

My brethren, this theory which resolves the universe into mere materialism and force, without an actuating will and the touches of a personal presence, is as hard and as distasteful to all our finer feelings as it is essentially untrue. The truth here, as in everything else, is as *beautiful* as it is real. God “*speaks*” to his whole creation in height and depth. He

speaks to the angels. He speaks to the worms. He speaks to the splendours. He speaks to the glooms. He speaks in heaven. He speaks in hell. He speaks and gets reply—quick, true, murmurous or loud, musical or dissonant, according to the word that is spoken. "His angels" answer him (Psalm cxlviii.) with folded or outspread wings. "His hosts" with clang of celestial armour. "Sun, moon, stars" by their shinings and eclipses. "The waters that be above the heavens," in distillation of the dew and droppings of the rain. The "dragons" come out of the "deeps" to answer him. The "fire" gleams from the thunder-cloud, and the "hail" rattles on our windows, in answer to God. "Snow" whitens the landscape, "vapours" roll through the sky, "stormy wind" blows—all as "*fulfilling his word.*" "Mountains" stand worshipping like priests in a great temple. Little "hills" clap their hands. "Fruitful trees" laugh, and shaggy "cedars" mourn. "Beasts, and all cattle, creeping things, and flying fowl."—Then why not the fish that kept Jonah? Why must *this* poor creature be isolated from its maker, and shut up in the scientific "deeps" which can only shut but never open? Why? "And the Lord *spake* unto the fish, and it vomited out Jonah upon dry land." An old author says with great plainness, but probably with truth, that "the manner of his coming forth seemeth to have been without ease and pleasure to the whale." Very likely. But if it brings "ease and pleasure," thankfulness and usefulness, to Jonah, we shall not mourn much over the whale's discomforts. They would not be great. They would soon be over. And then the great creature would swim back to its home in the depths, there to "seek" and find its "meat from God." The ship sailed better without the prophet than with him; and I daresay the fortunes of the shark would not suffer by losing such a bitter morsel; or, to put it differently, by carrying for God through these nights and days one of his prodigal children, and giving him up in safety. One almost feels that the monster would be likely to get compensation for its loss, wages for its labour, and that it would wear a kind of dignity ever after. At any rate, before we part company, before the creature, angry and disappointed, goes rushing back to the deep, let us give it the compensation of our thanks. It preserved to us, and to the world, one of our divine instructors. It carried in its maw this book of Jonah. If God could speak to the fish, we can thank it, and turn our thanks into the form of kindness to *all* creatures. That creature is dead and gone. Perhaps some of its teeth may be among those fossil teeth which have been found in great numbers on the shores of Malta and Sicily, and which are allowed by naturalists to belong to a larger race of fishes than the existing ones. The creature itself, however, is gone. "The spirit" of that beast is gone "downwards," who knoweth whither? But the world is full of living creatures, and we may show our thankfulness by kindness to *them*—to the horse in the street, to the cow in the field, to the lost dog, to the bird with the broken wing, to the fly on the window, trying all day long to get to the outer air. Never kill a fly—no, nor even the yellow wasp with the sting, if you can let it out. The God who gave your life,

gave life to all the creatures, and each in its own domain has as much right to live as you have in yours. Nor can you ever tell how much you may be indebted to any creature. The fable of the mouse gnawing asunder the cords that bound the lion is the fact of daily life. The weak help the strong as well as the strong the weak. An ass can save a seer from an angel's sword. A shark can keep a prophet from drowning in an angry sea. Home again now, scaly monster! You have done your generation work. You have "praised the name of the Lord."

One more thought, and this the last to-day. As you see the foamy track the creature leaves behind, gradually melting into the quiet green of the sea; as you turn and look at the prophet washing himself from the filth of his living grave, and then standing up on the shore, inhaling the fresh breeze, rejoicing in heaven's blessed light, and—to prove and feel himself alive, to make sure that all was not a dream—shouting, perhaps, in loud voice, "Salvation is of the Lord,"—say, "God helping me, I shall never despair. Never. For I see that the heaviest judgment may brighten into mercy. The darkest night may have a morning. The deepest grave has a resurrection portal. A voyage wrapped in whirling storm, and horrible with engulfing dangers, may yet end in safety on a sunny shore."

In closing this short notice of a very beautiful volume, we must say there is a wealth in Scripture very much undeveloped and unused yet. We are glad to receive this book, because it is a full, ample, and consistent dealing with a part of Scripture which has not received, in spite of the references we have made to many authors, very much attention. We have often been surprised at the way in which preachers tread over the same grounds, and illustrate over and over again the same characters, like boys beating the parish bounds. There are rare incidents and innumerable persons almost unillustrated from the pulpit yet; and the example of the volume before us, we hope, will not merely drive preachers to Jonah, but induce them to search and look, studying the forms and words of some other prophet or personage, not known much of as yet. Work at the Bible, and it will not fail to yield up its precious results. Not out of place with such a remark as this, is the following passage on work in its lower and higher orders:

It is interesting to remember how many of the world's great men have been able to work, literally "with both hands earnestly." There is a particular kind of greatness which seems rather, in its development, to exhaust and damage the physical powers. Some great men have had neither hands nor eyes. They have lived in the past, oblivious of the present, in a world of abstraction and imagination, unconscious of the need for a present activity and care. But the greatness that has moved the world, that has stirred the souls of men with divine ideas

and moral impulses, has, I imagine, been generally associated with great ocular clearness, with tactual sensibility, with manipulative skill. I question if there was one apostle among the twelve who could *not* do a good day's work. One can do better than Jonah, for he can make a tent; another can drag a net over-full of fishes so skilfully that the net is not broken; another surely knew something of the work of husbandry, if not by settled occupation, yet by occasional personal endeavours, else he could hardly describe to us so feelingly the "*long patience*" of the husbandman in waiting for the precious fruits of the earth. The prophets—don't you see Elijah, tall, strong, fearless; a splendid instance of incarnate capability and human completeness, running before Ahab's chariot, standing on the wild rocks of Horeb, while the wind waves his mantle and plays with his locks? And Elisha at the plough! And Amos dressing his sycamore-trees and keeping his cattle! And Jonah working at his booth beside Nineveh! Work of every kind is kingly, if men knew how to do it well. The pride that despises it is beggarly.

Here, then, we do not so much bid farewell to Dr. Raleigh, as introduce his volume to our readers; assuring them that throughout its pages it shines with the same subdued splendour of speech, and melts with the same pathos of feeling as in those passages we have quoted.

IV.

THE SUPERSTITION AND ROMANCE OF SPANISH PAINTING.*

OUR pages have from time to time, recently, referred to the rich interest pervading the story of painting as an art, and the delightful biographic charm pervading Spanish Art in particular. A recent acquaintance with Sir William Stirling's volumes; the knowledge of their rarity and expensiveness, and of their comparatively slight notice at the time of their publication, leads us to the impression that our readers will not regard a few pages devoted to this subject, with Stirling as our guide and companion, as uninteresting. Indeed, few stories seem to us more pleasant and consolatory on their human side than that of painting; few things more distinctly affirm, not merely the personality of mind, and its dominion over its ideas, but the exalted and supernatural character of the ideal world in which it lives. A poor artist, most likely with few external circumstances to flatter or exalt, transfers from the unsubstantial kingdoms of Nowhere, and the teeming populations of Nothing, the outlines of forms and conceptions to his canvas; from the palette on his thumb, covered by unshapely masses and blots of various colour, he transfers to those forms,—shades, tints, and tones of expression, which make the poor artist to be a loved and venerated person, and the subject of his creation to be a shrine, visited through ages by the pilgrim worshippers of genius. Stirling quotes and translates a fine expressive sonnet of Vicente Victoria's, on painting, expressing something of the sentiment we have indulged.

We may often be amazed, and we intend in this paper in some measure to show how remarkably in Spanish art the most singular and enslaving superstition has been associated with many of its most famous productions, but nothing can intercept the impression of the rich glow of genius. Often the elevated pensiveness which pervades its rich galleries, while if it illustrates what has been so often claimed that the Papal Church has employed, and sometimes chastened the works of the pencil, it will not less appear, how it has cramped miserably, by its prudery and pedantry, the finest minds. Still, it is true that:—

* *Annals of the Artists of Spain.* By William Stirling, M.A. Three volumes. John Ollivier.

With colours manifold and mingl'd shown
 Through the clear texture blushing into light,
 Like flow'rs in beautiful confusion grown,
 Where roses blend with lilies silver-white,
 Or the pure grain of Indian ivory
 Suffus'd with Sidon's rich and regal dye.

This is a work of course very similar to that which all art and science performs; but the work of painting is so pure and immaterial, so entirely wrought out of the brain of the artist—and, withal, so inspiringly appealing to the latent conceptions hidden away within the mind of the spectator, that perhaps, next to music, it should be ranked as the most happy evidence of immateriality and personality, as attributes of the human soul. There is a good deal of pensive consolation, too, following a thought like this, when looking at a great painting; it may hang in some far-away cloister; in a not much frequented gallery—and yet it shines with the colours and shapes of unquestionable genius—the audience to which it speaks is very small; the fame it has acquired is deep and incisive, rather than extensive. It is not for the multitudes,—they could better appreciate a shower of fireworks, or a grove of Chinese lanterns. The great silent picture, as it hangs, seems to say to many a disappointed worker who grieves that he has missed fame, that any little thing that he may have done, any good little sermon he may have preached, or pure little verses he may have written, or little sketch he may have made, will soon be quite forgotten, if they ever have been remembered. The great picture seems to say, “Let me comfort thee; consider, I am an unquestionable work of genius, but crowds pass by me, and do not even con-
 “descend me a look; I am scarcely known—Consider, the best
 “part of me is not here; I am only a little stray light from the
 “mind of my master who made me; and I was not made in
 “vain, if I have taught thee to feel and know, by my real,
 “though transitory existence here for a little time, the abiding-
 “ness of that out of which I came, and the durability of those
 “conceptions of which I am an evidence.” Such words as these may strike some of our readers as being too much, perhaps, in a preacher's vein; yet, we suppose, most of them have thought such things, if they have spent any time in the quiet galleries, before the trophies of the great masters. Yet painters themselves have been the most grotesque and queer of creatures in their lives; their stories in the history of art, in the great and magnificent fanes it has reared, tell like the twisted corbels, or queer and uncouth creatures, many-visaged, that move the spectator to a smile or something more, even amidst his most solemn

and overwhelming emotions. And among the grotesque, the stories of Spanish artists seem to us the most grotesque; and, in this particular, the volumes of Stirling have a deliciousness of character, like that which is so pleasing in the learned, quaint and anecdotal old men who wrote their books, not because they would keep themselves constantly before the public or in the advertiser's sheets—but because they were, as the sacred writer says, like a full bottle that must have vent; and they gave their soul to the subject, and are known by their own book.

Spain, our readers do not need to be told, is illustrious in art, and especially in the art of painting; her paintings glorify her glorious buildings; those venerable choirs, and shrines of foliage wrought in stone, which in their light, and aerial, and endless infinite grace of panel and pillar, branching out into living blossoms, and springing up into endless beauty of orderly confusion, like the embowered arches of forest-trees, and become the admiration and the envy of art. Spain has not indeed achieved a Raphael or Michael Angelo, any more than she has achieved a Dante or a Shakspeare; but her works are wondrously her own, and not less gorgeously than gracefully distinctly hers. It is most true that we have almost to uncliothe ourselves of Protestant ideas, as we think of her works and her artists; the grave seriousness of the people represented itself, and reached its climax of expression, in the sedulous care with which her churchmen and prelates watched over all that art performed. The Renaissance, with its trail of paganisms, "found no favour" in Spain; she eschewed classical mythologies, with its mob of graceful, fascinating nudities; and art, with her, became the handmaid of religious and devotional raptures; and genius, if it painted landscapes, trod the vales and hills of Judea, while most especially it found its inspiration in Annunciations and Crucifixions, the glorification of saints and martyrs, and the spreading along its miles of canvas, the stories, legends, and traditions of the great fathers of the church. Spanish art has always been, perhaps, too severely decent and even prudish; and, as the young painter usually obtained his first ideas from those cloisters where he knelt as a wondering child by his mother, or from those kindly Carmelites or Cordeliers, who first fostered in him the love of it,—it became the law and habit of the school to turn to the awful or touching legend of the Gospel story, or the martyr's agony, for the subjects of their pencil. Nude figures were forbidden to such tastes and scenes; and even an occasional figure introduced beneath circumstances intended to degrade it to the spectator, if it assumed any voluptuous proportions, shocked the good churchman's mind. A bishop, grave

and pious, who was surprised into gazing upon a woman, in Martin de Vos' picture of the "Last Judgment," remarkable for the beauty and disorder of her person, was thrown into such a state of mental discomposure that he used to say, "rather than undergo the same spiritual conflict a second time, he would face a hurricane in the Gulf of Bermuda;" and he had made what was in those days the difficult voyage to America. Even at the distance of many years, he used to say, "I cannot think of that picture without dread." Priestly craft, and popular superstition wrought together in the paintings of Spain. Angels visited artists and honoured them with their attentions; the Virgin, on many occasions, condescended to sit for her likeness; and was especially kind to painters, and often did them a good turn. A certain young friar was great in the art of painting—he especially delighted in devising new aspects of blessedness and beauty for the Virgin, and in setting forth the devil in the most repulsive and extravagant delineations of ugliness. Satan bore this as best he could for some time; but, at last, he determined to be revenged; he assumed the disguise—dangerous disguise!—of a most lovely maiden; and the unhappy friar, being of an amorous disposition, fell into the trap; she smiled sweetly on her shaven wooer; she was not unwilling to be wooed, but would not surrender her beauty at a less price than the rich reliquaries and jewels of the treasury of the monastery. In an evil hour, the poor painter admitted her at midnight within the convent walls, and took from the antique cabinet the precious things she desired. Then, as they wound their way through the moonlit cloister, the sinful friar, clutching his booty with one arm, and his beauty with the other, the demon lady suddenly cried out "*Thieves!*" with diabolical energy. Up started all the snoring monks at that midnight cry, and rushed in disorder from their cells, detecting the unlucky brother making off with the plate. Him they tied safe to a pillar, leaving him there till the next day should determine his punishment, while the brethren went back to their pillows or their prayers; and then the cruel devil appeared in his real shape to the poor painter, taunting and twitting him, and making unmerciful mockery of his amorous overtures and his prayers—advising him now to appeal to the beauty he had so loved to delineate on his canvases. The devil outwitted himself; happy idea! The penitent monk took the advice; and lo! the radiant mother of mercy descended in all her heavenly loveliness, unbound his cords, and bade him fasten the evil one in his place to the column. If he did it at all, we may depend upon it he did it with a will, in alacrity and astonishment—the

story saith it was done. She charged herself with the restoration of the precious things to their proper place, and bade him appear among the monks the next morning at matins, which he did to the great surprise of the brethren. He voted, however, for his own condemnation; but when they went to the sacristy and found everything marvellously correct in its place, and when they went to the column and found the devil fast confined there, they forgave the erring brother, and administered a tremendous flogging to the devil; the monk became not only "a wiser and a better man," but a better artist; he was now able to paint the Virgin more serenely beautiful, the arch-enemy more appallingly ugly; henceforth, he eschewed all enticing damsels. Would that the Virgin would appear in these degenerate and unbelieving times on a similar mission, with similar results! Such stories as these abound among the legends of the artists of Spain.

Superstitions innumerable haunt all its pages—all the works of Spain seem to be wrought beneath the impression of strong superstitious ideas; its galleries remind us of that great resolution and vow the chapter of Seville recorded, when it determined on rearing those mighty and unrivalled aisles. "Let us build," said those magnificent ecclesiastics, "a church that shall cause us to be taken for madmen by those who come after us." It is impossible to resist some such feeling for all the works of Spain; a splendid insanity pervades, not merely the achievement of the architect and the sculptor, but the works which shine upon the canvases too. Pictures and sculptures wrought miracles—before the artist died, before the hands which fashioned them were cold in death, or the eyes dimmed in the grave, sacred images made the lame to walk, and the blind to see; Spain always attained a height of fame for image-worship beyond that of any of the nations of Europe; and Isabella, while she employed her active mind in the weightiest affairs of government, and became not less the model of a wife and mother also, building and endowing churches, working with her own fingers chasubles, dalmatics, and processional banners, was able also to encourage the works of artists such as Rincon, Flores, Berreguete, &c., &c. As time went on, came the brilliant age of Charles V. Immense as were his interests and activities, he had a quick eye, and a fine taste, especially for paintings. When he sunk into his retreat at Yuste, and had parted with all his provinces and kingdoms, he would not part with his favourites of Titian. Even as in the days of his empire, he had regarded with as much satisfaction the acquisition of one of his favourite

paintings as the acquisition of a province. The fine speeches of the great despot and master of his age about his favourite painter are well-known, and are among the most loveable things we have on record about him. When the Emperor was one day in the studio with Titian, the artist let fall his brush; he prevented the painter's apologies, and picked up the brush, saying, "It is fit that Titian should be served *"by Cæsar."* On another occasion, having requested the artist to retouch a picture over the door of a chamber which he could not reach, and which he was still unable easily to reach standing on a table,—the Emperor called on all his courtiers to assist—fairly hoisting Titian up with his own imperial hands; and saying, "Come, gentlemen; we must all bear *"up this great man, to show that his art is the empress of all others;"* and, when the princes round the court became envious and jealous of the easy access of the great painter to the privacy of the Emperor, he did fresh honour to his favourite in the well-known cutting rebuke, *"there are many princes; there is but one Titian."* And Titian has paid his royal master back; and to him we owe our best knowledge of Charles V. But Titian was not a Spaniard, and many of the items of his fame are quite discrepant with that chaste genius which we have noticed as a characteristic of the Spanish pencil. Philip II. almost compels us to relax our hatred and detestation of him, when we think of him in the company of Spanish artists; the dismal morose king becomes urbane and kind, and as accessible, generous, and tender in his dealings with them as with priests. Those who would derive the most gorgeous impressions in our language of his wonderful morbid dream of madness—the Escorial—should read the description of it, and the artists employed to adorn its walls, as given in the pages of Stirling. That building, like Versailles, cost a nation; but then, unlike Versailles, even in its unmeaningness, it means something; its grimness has a kind of grandeur in it; deserted and melancholy, a waste and a mistake, it still compels the spirit, as Versailles does not, to musing and to melancholy. That huge gridiron of granite was the single passion of the morose and melancholy king—it was thirty-one years in building, and cost six millions of ducats. Armies might pine for supplies, but the architects of the Escorial were never permitted to want money. The Escorial, full of interest in itself as the morose dream of the most powerful monarch of the age, is interesting, as calling forth the powers of the chiefest painters of the time. Philip II. spared no expense in compelling to his service all whose genius could in any way

illustrate the panel or the ceiling, the altar or the cloister. The high altar, Leoni, an Italian sculptor, had engaged to complete in four years, at a cost of twenty thousand ducats; ten years passed away, and it remained unfinished in the artist's studio—thirteen years, and the irritated king wrote piteously, entreating that it might be sent; increased largesses were promised to the artist; and the rich chapel, with its altar, was at length finished in time for the funeral of the royal founder, in 1598. Philip, it would seem, could not manage his artists with the same ease with which he managed his Inquisition; and the Escorial, with its grand galleries on the slopes of the Guadarrama, and its turrets surrounded by the rocky eminence called "the King's Chair," from whence he looked down upon the slowly growing mass of granite, seems but a poor commentary upon his famous saying, "Time and I against two." But time in all things went over to the majority, and left the corpse of the foolish old man in the grim halls and chapel he had made the master-thought of his life. Through his long reign, however, we meet with a number of names of artists; who, if they did not reach the highest point of Spanish colour and design, are yet among the greatest. The life and works of Luce Cambiaso are interesting; the one in its records of romantic interest, the others in their diffuse affluence upon the walls of the famous palace. Philip tried hard to win that fine master, Paul Veronese, to his designs; but, although he was a painter, in the greatness and magnificent populations of his landscapes, eminently fitted to adorn vast galleries, he would not leave his beloved Venice; and Frederigo Zuccaro was called to supply his place. He won, however, only the displeasure of the king; and, after three years' labour, while he was munificently rewarded, Philip said, "It is not Zuccaro who is to blame, but those who brought him hither." But, perhaps, the first painter whose life and genius really obtained a place in high European estimation was Louis Morales, an entirely self-formed genius—himself, and his pictures, artists say "worthy of companionship with Raphael;" it is certain that he transcended any artist who could have been his instructor; his paintings were careful in their finish; his subjects always devotional, and alive with the force and strength of real genius—he seems to have painted physical agony with wonderful power—as if, say some critics, he had wound his way through the vaults of the Inquisition, and seen some poor heretics writhing beneath the grasp of the torturers; yet, great as he was, he seems to have lived comparatively neglected, and to have died poor. When the king first met with him, he was not pleased; but, shortly before he died, Philip called upon him

in Badajos. In the course of conversation, the king said, "You are very old, Morales!" "Yes, Sir, and very poor," said the painter. Turning to his treasurer, the king ordered that a pension of two hundred ducats should be given to him; "That will find you something for dinner," said the king." "And what for supper, Sire?" said the artist—Philip must have been in an extraordinarily good humour then, for he added another hundred ducats to the pension. Another of the great names is that of Domenico Theotocopuli, who also emerged from an obscure origin, and probably Italian, although his works are the pride of the Cathedral of Toledo. Many of the greatest seem to be passing rapidly to rags and dust. He received for their execution immense sums, and continued actively industrious to an old age. He seems to have been one of those manifold geniuses—able, not only to illuminate the altar-piece or the gallery, but to perform the work of the architect or the sculptor.

Passing over many names, we have been greatly interested in that of Pablo de Cespedes, painter, sculptor, architect, poet, scholar, and divine. As we look on the face of this great man in the likeness preserved to us, there is much that claims confidence and affection, while it expresses power. Singularly enough, what we know of him seems to be principally obtained through the archives of the Inquisition. He had the honor to be denounced by that tribunal; and perhaps would have been subjected to its discipline had he not been absent at the time; nor did he venture to return until he had placed himself in greater safety beneath the robes of the priesthood. In his versatility of genius, he has been likened to Leonardo de Vinci; he was a real artist. The cathedral of Cordova still boasts of its possession of his famous "Last Supper," about which a tale is told illustrating the man; when the picture was on the easel, the jars and vases in the foreground attracted every visitor's attention by their exquisite finish, but only to the great disgust of the artist. At last, he said to his servant, "Andres, rub me out those things; after all my care and study, and among so many heads, figures, hands, and expressions, people see nothing but those impertinencies." As a poet, he has been likened to Virgil; and as he celebrated in his verse the praise of ink, as the means of perpetuating a memory which the pencil and the chisel would not preserve. So it must be admitted, it has been with him; his verses perhaps preserve him in more extensive knowledge in Spain than his paintings. We referred to the interesting fact that, on several occasions, the Virgin had appeared to Spanish artists, expressly desiring them to confer upon themselves the honor of taking her likeness; and we

remarked how priestcraft frequently made painting its puppet in this matter; this was the case with the distinguished Valencian painter, Vicenti de Johannes; he was an eminent master, and received the highest encomiums from Bishops and Archbishops, Carmelites, Dominicans, Jesuits, Franciscans, and Jeronimites—but Stirling tells the following pleasant story:—

He was also honoured by commands, far higher than those of abbots and archbishops, and which were amongst the highest marks of heavenly favour, that could be given to the devout artist. On the evening of an Assumption-day, the Blessed Virgin revealed to Fray Martin Alberto, a Jesuit of Valencia, and commanded that her picture should be painted, as she then appeared, attired in a white robe and blue mantle, and standing on the crescent-moon; above her was to float the mystic dove, and the Father Eternal was to be seen leaning from the clouds, whilst her Divine Son placed a crown upon her head. To execute this honourable but arduous task, the Jesuit selected Joanes, whose confessor he was, and described to him with great minuteness, his glorious vision. The first sketches were, however, unsuccessful, and the skill of the painter fell short of the brilliant dream of the friar. Both, therefore, betook themselves to religious exercises, and to their prayers were added those of other holy men. Every day the artist confessed and communicated, before commencing his labours; and he would often stand for whole hours with his pencils and palette in his hand, but without touching the divine figure until his spirit was quickened within him by the fervency of his prayers. His piety and perseverance at last overcame all difficulties; and he produced a noble picture of Our Lady, exactly conformable to the vision, which long adorned the altar of the “Immaculate Conception,” in the Jesuits’ Convent, and became famous amongst artists for its excellence, and amongst friars for its miraculous powers.

The face of Johannes is so thoroughly Spanish, that we are able to believe that he might have been imposed upon; and thus we suffer no diminution of respect for him as an artist, while yet we may marvel at the stupidity of the man. Especially this seems wonderful, as Johannes is one of those artists who, in the most extraordinary manner, has represented the person and countenance of our Lord. We may be permitted to quote Stirling’s criticism, when he says:—

As Rafael has never been rivalled in painting the Blessed Virgin, so Joanes deserves to be called the peculiar painter of her Divine Son. His conceptions of the Saviour are bodied forth in one of the most beautiful types of the male countenance ever formed by the pencil. Leonardo da Vinci himself was less happy in his treatment of that magnificent subject; had he finished the head of Christ in his matchless “Cena,” he could hardly have surpassed the noble delineations of

Joanes. In the hands of Roman artists, the Saviour is too often little more than a beautiful Apollo, copied from the marbles of Greece; at Venice, a noble personage of the blood of Barberigo or Contarini; while in the later and feebler school of Bologna, his beauty sinks into effeminacy, and the Man-God into a mere mortal Adonis. Joanes, with higher thoughts and finer skill, has taken his idea of our Lord from the poetry of Solomon, the history of the Evangelist, and the visions of St. John. In his "Christ," the ineffable mildness of expression belonging to him "whose voice was sweet and his countenance comely, who would that little children should come unto him, and whose banner over his people was love." is united with the majesty which befitted that mysterious Being "who walked amidst the golden candlesticks, whose face was like the sun shining in his strength, and his voice like the sound of many waters, who hath the keys of death and hell, and shall come to judge the world in the glory of his Father." His lofty brow and deep brown eyes are full of dignity and power; benevolence plays on the delicately formed lips; and the whole face, of more than mortal beauty, is winning as was that of St. Francis de Sales, on which infants delighted to gaze, and women looked with involuntary love.

But what a strange painter among priests, or priest among painters, was the blessed Fra Pedro Nicholas Factor! He was one of those great, zealous men of the church, who had an intense yearning for flagellation; and he frequently permitted himself to be entertained by the novices of whom he was a master, in the cloisters to which he belonged, by tempting them in turns to flog him; one giving him a dozen lashes for the twelve apostles, and another fifteen for the steps of the temple, and so on, on various pretexts; yet, in the pulpit, his eloquence is said to have been extraordinary; his humility was great, his charity unbounded. Like other great saints, he was a determined woman-hater; in spite of all his mortifications, however, he was constantly tempted by a throng of lecherous demon-shapes; and once, on St. Ursula's night, he almost fainted from his steadfastness; but St. Ursula herself descended, strengthened him in his extremity, and scared the demons away. He was engaged constantly in his great work of painting, especially the passion of our Lord. Critics remark that his power of coloring is poor compared with his power of drawing; by his paintings, however, in his own day, he illuminated a number of convent walls and monastic altars; and two hundred years after his death, he received the honour of canonisation; his contemporaries clothed him with miraculous attributes; and to him, on more than one occasion, visions of the saints and Virgin appeared over the shrines before which he was worshipping. It is not necessary to involve him in the charge of falsehood in all this;

he seems to have been a many-gifted man, with an exquisite, thrilling, contemplative temperament, meant by nature not to enshell himself in a monastery, but to pour out his gifts and powers in cheerful light upon the world. In passing down the gallery of Spanish painters; or passing the eye over the elaborate dictionary of Cean Bermudez, to which Stirling confesses his constant indebtedness—it is quite affecting to see the innumerable names around which many human interests gathered while they lived, who conversed with kings, and adorned by their pencils the galleries of courts, but who are now scarcely known beyond the occasional impression produced by their name at the foot of their canvases. Such an one is Francisco Pacheco; one of the most famous in the second order of artists, too; and who has had the honor to be enshrined in the eulogistic verse, both of Lopez de Vega and Quevedo. Another eminent, but less-known, is Juan de Ribalta. But it is not until we reach the age and reign of Philip IV. that we really find the true power, or the most romantic interest of Spanish painters; and we shall leave to a future and more discriminative paper the mention of those great names which, during that period, shone forth among the most splendid in the whole history of art. Its principal characteristic up to this period is a marvellous enslavement to priestcraft and superstition.

V.

MR. SWINBURNE, HIS CRIMES AND HIS CRITICS.*

WHETHER it be much in our way or not to notice the works of Mr. Swinburne, the severe criticism they have provoked, and their relation to public character and sentiment—it is very

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- *1. *Poems and Ballads*. By Charles Algernon Swinburne. Moxon & Co.
 2. *Atalanta in Calydon. A Tragedy*. By A. C. Swinburne. Moxon.
 3. *Chastelard; A Tragedy*. By A. C. Swinburne. Moxon.
 4. *The Queen Mother and Rosamond*. By A. C. Swinburne. Moxon.
 5. *A Selection from the Works of Lord Byron*. Edited and prefaced by A. C. Swinburne. Moxon.
 6. *Notes on Poems and Reviews*. By A. C. Swinburne. John Camden Hotten.
 7. *Swinburne's Poems and Ballads. A Criticism*. By William Michael Rosetti. J. C. Hotten.

certainly the case, had we not been well familiar with Mr. Swinburne's poems and ballads before, we should not have cared to become acquainted with them after reading his own notes on the Poems and Reviews; there is such an unmeasured and coarse scurrility, that all those prophets who took up their burden, and announced that he was about to deal with his critics after the fashion of Lord Byron in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," must have felt a woful disappointment. Pity, too, that Mr. Swinburne, who has exalted Lord Byron upon such a pedestal of admiration, does not recollect and imitate the buoyant, triumphant, and perfectly gentlemanly manner, the most cutting satire, the glowing good-humour with which he paid off his accounts with enemies who had given him far more occasion to feel revengeful. But this brave young writer, who defies all virtue and scoffs at it as a sham and a shadow, would, of course, ridicule the idea of treating men or topics, we will not say with the morality, but rather the more social and manly dignity which Christianity imparts to a character. A man in a passion, or in a mad-house, beats the air in a very purposeless manner, and does very strange things; some of the passages in the *Notes* look as though they could only have been written by a fool or an ignoramus. Thus, he says, "I have overlooked the evidence which every day makes clearer, that our time has room only for such as are content to write for children and girls"—(such as Robert Browning and Thomas Carlyle, J. S. Mill, Tennyson, &c. &c.,) "but this oversight is the sum of my offence." Mr. Swinburne must lock himself in a hermitage; we are no blind worshippers before all the dicta of the *Saturday Review*, *Athenæum* &c.; but to affect never to have heard of them, but for their attacks upon him, implies a dose of morphia so strong that we doubt if our author ever took it. The whole race of reviewers are, with Mr. Swinburne, "venal," they are simply "professional pressmen;" the organs of that "full-fledged phoenix, 'Virtue,' rising, chuckling and crowing from its dunghill, its birthplace and its death-bed;" and he honours them by the following pleasant complimentary epigram:

Why grudge them lotus-leaf and laurel,
O toothless mouth or swinish maw,
Who never grudged you bells and coral,
Who never grudged you troughs and straw?

Lie still in kennel, sleek in stable,
Good creatures of the stall or sty;
Shove snouts for crumbs below the table;
Lie still; and rise not up to lie.

But if Mr. Swinburne ventures to write not very bad epigrams, in bad taste and worse poetry, it will encourage other authors to make like attempts; and we have met with such poor attempts as the following:—

While Burns and Brooks their courses run,
And flash their beauties to the sun,
Some beasts their waves to troughs may turn,
And make those beauties a *Swine-burn*.

Or, again:—

While others boast a high descent
And speak of men for angels meant,
The Bard of Troughs beholds with scorn,
And boasts his ancestry *Swine b(o)rne*.

We put down Mr. Swinburne's notes; they serve his character neither as a man of genius nor a gentleman. Nor will his friend Mr. Rossetti's criticism serve his cause much better; it seems a very chivalrous act to step forth with this little volume; there is much writing in it which shows ability to generalise and criticise, but the inflation of the praise is as ridiculous to most readers as it will, of course, be acceptable to the great Swinburne. We felt the volume to be contemptible; as we found on its first page such a sentence as that "the advent of even so poor and pretentious a poetaster as a Robert Buchanan stirs storms in tea-pots." And then, by patient continuance in the well-doing of reading Mr. Rossetti's book, we learn many things we did not conceive before; that, equal to Victor Hugo now, he is ere long to transcend him. Mr. Swinburne is at once, by his adoring and ridiculous critic, raised to the rank of comparison with the most illustrious poets of his own and of other times; he has succeeded at once in the manner of Shakspeare and of Sophocles. There are some names delicacy should have preserved from comparison and association—Mrs. Browning and Christina Rossetti should have been veiled apart, as sacred from the association with this unclean spirit.

Is there sufficient worth in the writings of Mr. Swinburne to give them a claim to notice in our pages at all? What is their character? Apart from the adulations of friends attempting to estimate them—apart from the more censorious critics—what are their crimes? Is there sufficient salt of genius to save them from corruption? Their indecencies we shall not of course notice—still less shall we imitate some critics in quoting them; indirectly we may presently refer to the source from whence

they spring. Enough to say, there are indecencies of expression. Mr. Rossetti says, "of positive grossness or foulness of expression there is none;" and Mr. Swinburne declares that he writes with "no moral or immoral design." The poet and his critic are alike deficient in moral sensibility; their moral skin is not healthy. Mr. Swinburne is scarcely able, apparently, to pen a poem which does not contain words which are like indecent attitudes; so that, regarded thus, the critic was scarcely too severe who said that "these verses bore marks of being inspired in Holywell Street, composed on the Parade in Brighton, and touched up in the *Jardin Mabile*." If this were all that could be said about them, it would be surely our duty to leave them alone; but, in fact, Mr. Swinburne has genius, and very extraordinary genius. We do not suppose, with his ridiculous adorers, that he will ever transcend Hugo or Browning, Sophocles or Shakspeare, not even a Byron or a Shelley; though his literary relationship is doubtless nearer to the last than to any other in every particular, in the melody and mellifluousness of his verse, in the utter Paganism and Christlessness of his creed, and apparently in the morality it unfolds. We must do Shelley the justice, however, to say that, excepting in those great blasphemies, which are really too great to shock the heart very much, we believe readers would suffer far less from contact with Shelley than with Swinburne.

Mr. Swinburne is an utter Pagan; we mean this really; he worships sensuality; he seems to have no perception of the moral sublime. As he says, "the belief in the body was the secret of sculpture," and that "a past age of ascetics could no more attempt or attain it, than the present age of hypocrites." And it is well to believe in the body; it is a marvellous and glorious tabernacle; Michael Angelo, and Canova, and Flaxman believed in the body; but to them it was the Shechinah of the soul. We do not like Mr. Swinburne's statement that "the office of adult art is neither puerile nor feminine, but virile." Mr. Swinburne has written a great deal about women; he knows nothing at all of them—their work, their use, or the true ideal of their lives; and this, because he knows nothing of the moral sublime. We turn to his essay on Byron—a very remarkable essay; he finds it in his way to remark upon Wordsworth, and tells us that "to him nature was a vegetable, fit to be shred into his pot, and pared down like the outer leaves of a lettuce, for culinary purposes." We have to tell Mr. Swinburne that he is hopelessly blind, deaf, and senseless to that sublimity of moral grandeur which, to Words-

worth's mind, made all nature and all ages, and every form, flower, cloud, and mountain, and especially human souls, alive and a-glow, and inspired with an infinite breath and purpose, and power. "Culinary purposes!"—and if Mr. Swinburne would go into that kitchen, and partake a little of that food, it would make a man of him; and then, instead of his rabid pamphlet, he might have watched the example of that great, serene soul, reviled and scoffed at for a quarter of a century, but dwelling amongst his mountains, and holding his peace—till, in his old age, he found himself, not merely the Laureate of his country, but his house thronged from day to day by the wisest, best, and greatest of his countrymen, who came to acknowledge their indebtedness to his insight and wisdom; and then, Mr. Swinburne might apprehend a little, even in that "culinary" instance, of the moral sublime. Mr. Swinburne has an eye for the sublime in sense, but not the sublime in soul; the shapes of lovely women and athletic men are very impressive to him. The fine inspirations of classical sculpture arranged in the light and refreshing grouping of the *poses plastiques*; for suffering women, the sensuous beauty worn and washed away by the life of anxiety and tears—leaving spiritual splendours shining in the eye and upon the cheek, which sensuous roundness never gave; of martyr men worn to skeletons in dungeons, and wasted by their woe or by their chains, Mr. Swinburne has no admiration; this is not "virile" beauty. What can we think of the doctrines of the *Hymn to Proserpine*, after the proclamation in Rome of the Christian faith? It is very well for Mr. Swinburne to shelter himself beneath the apology that he "writes dramatically." At least this is true, that he has neither expressed sentiments contravening these, nor at all been inspired to honour spiritual grandeur, or faith, or endurance. Very wretched indeed the taste, the moral sense, that implies a greater glory in Venus from the Cyclades, than the Virgin, with the young Galilean in the manger—who "came weeping, a slave among slaves, and rejected." The comparison is carried to some length, through which we are not disposed to follow it; but we shall declare our belief that it is impossible to sever Mr. Swinburne's personality from such verses as the following, in which we read at once the hatred of a Julius or a Gibbon, to Christ; and a panting to restore Paganism to the world:—

Wilt thou yet take all, Galilean? but these thou shalt not take,
The laurel, the palms and the pæan, the breasts of the nymphs in the
brake;

Breasts more soft than a dove's, that tremble with tenderer breath;
 And all the wings of the Loves, and all the joy before death;
 All the feet of the hours that sound as a single lyre,
 Dropped and deep in the flowers, with strings that flicker like fire.
 More than these wilt thou give, things fairer than all these things?
 Nay, for a little we live, and life hath mutable wings.
 A little while and we die; shall life not thrive as it may?
 For no man under the sky lives twice, outliving his day.
 And grief is a grievous thing, and a man hath enough of his tears:
 Why should he labour, and bring fresh grief to blacken his years?
 Thou hast conquered, O pale Galilean; the world has grown grey from
 thy breath;
 We have drunken of things Lethean, and fed on the fulness of death.

This is our quarrel with Mr. Swinburne; let him heap what scurrilous charges of "venality," &c., &c., upon us or our order he may; his poems are detestable to us, because Christ is more humanly, not to say divinely, beautiful than any of the Pagan gods; and because the glimpse of soul—and, thank God, the story of the world and of Christianity, is radiant, in spite of all their errors and sins, with such glimpses—is more sublime than any revelation of "venality;" and because God is greater than fate; and the eye that looks, and the ear that hearkens after Him, may know that "He is not far from any one of us;" and the office of every poor little rhymster, not to say the great sages of song, is fulfilled in giving some little tint or token of His presence and His power. In his lines to Victor Hugo, a very noble piece in its way, the writer expresses what is undoubtedly the measure of his faith, or rather *unfaith* about God.

As once the high God bound
 With many a rivet round
 Man's saviour, and with iron nailed him through,
 At the wild end of things,
 Where even his own bird's wings
 Flagged, whence the sea shone like a drop of dew,
 From Caucasus beheld below
 Past fathoms of unfathomable snow;

So the strong God, the chance
 Central of circumstance,
 Still shows him exile who will not be slave;
 All thy great fame and thee
 Girt by the dim strait sea
 With multitudinous walls of wandering wave;
 Shows us our greatest from his throne
 Fate-stricken, and rejected of his own.

Yea, he is strong, thou say'st,
 A mystery many-faced,

The wild beasts know him and the wild birds flee ;
 The blind night sees him, death
 Shrinks beaten at his breath,
 And his right hand is heavy on the sea :
 We know he hath made us, and is king ;
 We know not if he care for anything.

Thus much, no more, we see ;
 He bade what is he so,
 Bade light be and bade night be, one by one ;
 Bade hope and fear, bade ill
 And good redeem and kill,
 Till all men be aweary of the sun
 And his world burn in its own flame
 And bear no witness longer of his name.

We have no space to devote to a lengthy analysis of these poems, but there are some hints of a moral grandeur and nobleness of nature to which we are glad to pay deference ; and especially one trait which we have not seen as yet noticed, though it should follow naturally from the characteristics we have remarked. The really fine poems of Mr. Swinburne are those in which he indulges the long, low monotone of melancholy despair. No heaven, no immortality, no hope—he weaves sad chaplets, and wreaths melancholy *immortelles* ; and places them on sepulchres and tombs—but there is no *Resurgam*. The defect of his genius is its monotony ; but sometimes it fits his utterances well. How could it be otherwise that he could express himself ; failing to see Christ, failing in all faith in God and His goodness, and what is best and noblest in man ? How could it be otherwise than thus, that he could express himself in his poem called *Ilicet*, from which we can only extract a few verses :—

There is an end of joy and sorrow ;
 Peace all day long, all night, all morrow,
 But never a time to laugh or weep.
 The end is come of pleasant places,
 The end of tender words and faces,
 The end of all, the popped sleep.

No place for sound within their hearing,
 No room to hope, no time for fearing,
 No lips to laugh, no lids for tears.
 The old years have run out all their measure ;
 No chance of pain, no chance of pleasure,
 No fragment of the broken years.

Outside of all the worlds and ages,
 There where the fool is as the sage is,

There where the slayer is clean of blood,
 No end, no passage, no beginning,
 There where the sinner leaves off sinning,
 There where the good man is not good.

There is not one thing with another,
 But Evil saith to Good: My brother,
 My brother, I am one with thee:
 They shall not strive, nor cry for ever:
 No man shall choose between them: never
 Shall this thing end and that thing be.

Wind wherein seas and stars are shaken
 Shall shake them and they shall not waken;
 None that has lain down shall arise;
 The stones are sealed across their places;
 One shadow is shed on all their faces,
 One blindness cast on all their eyes.

Sleep, is it sleep perchance that covers
 Each face, as each face were his lover's?
 Farewell; as men that sleep fare well.
 The grave's mouth laughs unto derision
 Desire and dread and dream and vision,
 Delight of heaven and sorrow of hell.

No soul shall tell nor lip shall number
 The names and tribes of you that slumber;
 No memory, no memorial.
 "Thou knowest"—who shall say thou knowest?
 There is none highest and none lowest:
 An end, an end, an end of all.

Burnt spices flash, and burnt wine hisses,
 The breathing flame's mouth curls and kisses
 The small dried rows of frankincense;
 All round the sad red blossoms smoulder,
 Flowers coloured like the fire, but colder,
 In sign of sweet things taken hence.

Why will ye weep? What do ye weeping?
 For waking folk and people sleeping,
 And sands that fill and sands that fall,
 The days rose-red, the popped hours,
 Blood, wine, and spice, and fire and flowers,
 There is one end of one and all.

Shall such an one lend love or borrow?
 Shall these be sorry for thy sorrow?
 Shall these give thanks for words or breath?
 Their hate is as their loving-kindness;
 The frontlet of their brows is blindness,
 The armlet of their arms is death.

Lo, for no noise or light of thunder
Shall these grave-clothes be rent in sunder ;
He that hath taken, shall he give ?
He hath rent them : shall he bind together ?
He hath bound them : shall he break the tether ?
He hath slain them : shall he bid them live ?

• • • • •
One girds himself to serve another,
Whose father was the dust, whose mother
The little dead red worm therein :
They find no fruit of things they cherish ;
The goodness of a man shall perish,
It shall be one thing with his sin.

• • • • •
Though the iron sides of the old world falter
The likeness of them shall not alter
For all the rumour of periods,
The stars and seasons that come after,
The tears of latter men, the laughter
Of the old unalterable gods.

Far up above the years and nations,
The high gods, clothed and crowned with patience,
Endure through days of deathlike date ;
They bear the witness of things hidden ;
Before their eyes all life stands chidden,
As they before the eyes of Fate.

Nor for their love shall Fate retire,
Nor they relent for our desire,
Nor the graves open for their call.
The end is more than joy and anguish,
Than lives that laugh and lives that languish,
The poppied sleep, the end of all.

We will do Mr. Swinburne the honour to say that we do not remember from what poet, ancient or modern, we could quote so musical and melancholy a wail of atheism, wretchedness, and despair. Byron and Shelley never wrote like this ; we could quote from them verses full of immortality, such immortality as they were able to apprehend ; and Byron, especially, has verses in which his soul seemed to quicken with the expectation of a wrong nature made right beyond the grave. There is another of these melancholy moans which,

“Like the low moan of lead-encolored seas,”

compels us to listen to its sad and dreadful music, even while it only speaks to the mind of sunken suns and foundering ships. We shall quote this poem entire :—

The burden of fair women. Vain delight,
 And love self-slain in some sweet shameful way,
 And sorrowful old age that comes by night
 As a thief comes that has no heart by day,
 And change that finds fair cheeks, and leaves them grey,
 And weariness that keeps awake for hire,
 And grief that says what pleasure used to say;
 This is the end of every man's desire.

The burden of bought kisses. This is sore,
 A burden without fruit in child-bearing ;
 Between the nightfall and the dawn threescore,
 Threescore between the dawn and evening.
 The shuddering in thy lips, the shuddering
 In thy sad eyelids tremulous like fire,
 Makes love seem shameful and a wretched thing.
 This is the end of every man's desire.

The burden of sweet speeches. Nay, kneel down,
 Cover thy head, and weep ; for verily
 These market-men that buy thy white and brown
 In the last days shall take no thought for thee.
 In the last days like earth thy face shall be,
 Yea, like sea-marsh made thick with brine and mire,
 Sad with sick leavings of the sterile sea.
 This is the end of every man's desire.

The burden of long living. Thou shalt fear
 Waking, and sleeping mourn upon thy bed ;
 And say at night " Would God the day were here ! "
 And say at dawn " Would God the day were dead ! "
 With weary days thou shalt be clothed and fed,
 And wear remorse of heart for thine attire,
 Pain for thy girdle and sorrow upon thine head ;
 This is the end of every man's desire.

The burden of bright colours. Thou shall see
 Gold tarnished, and the grey above the green ;
 And as the thing thou seest thy face shall be,
 And no more as the thing beforetime seen.
 And thou shalt say of mercy " It hath been ; "
 And living, watch the old lips and loves expire,
 And talking, tears shall take thy breath between ;
 This is the end of every man's desire.

The burden of sad sayings. In that day
 Thou shalt tell all thy days and hours, and tell
 Thy times and ways and words of love, and say
 How one was dear and one desirable,
 And sweet was life to hear and sweet to smell,
 But now with lights reverse the old hours retire
 And the last hour is shod with fire from hell.
 This is the end of every man's desire.

The burden of fair seasons. Rain in spring,
 White rain and wind among the tender trees ;
 A summer of green sorrows gathering,
 Rank autumn in a mist of miseries,
 With sad face set toward the year, that sees
 The charred ash drop out of the dropping pyre,
 And winter wan with many maladies ;
 This is the end of every man's desire.

The burden of dead faces. Out of sight
 And out of love, beyond the reach of hands,
 Changed in the changing of the dark and light,
 They walk and weep about the barren lands
 Where no seed is nor any garner stands,
 Where in short breaths the doubtful days respire,
 And time's turned glass lets through the sighing sands ;
 This is the end of every man's desire.

The burden of much gladness. Life and lust
 Forsake thee, and the face of thy delight ;
 And underfoot the heavy hour strews dust,
 And overhead strange weathers burn and bite ;
 And where the red was, lo ! the bloodless white,
 And where truth was, the likeness of a liar,
 And where day was, the likeness of the night ;
 This is the end of every man's desire.

L'ENVOY.

Princes, and ye whom pleasure quickeneth,
 Heed well this rhyme before your pleasure tire ;
 For life is sweet, but after life is death.
 This is the end of every man's desire.

And without, we hope, any disposition to be insolent in our pity, we can quite feel the true sadness that there is in a young man, whose nature is either so worn out, or his eye so dim, that he can see no solitary lamp gleaming throughout the whole wide universe, all one great gleam of darkness, and

"This is the end of every man's desire."

We have not referred to Mr. Swinburne's other poems, nor shall we—only to say that we noticed all this, despair, and atheism of doctrine in the *Atalanta in Calydon*. Here is his estimate of man in the fine verses of that remarkable poem :—

Before the beginning of years
 There came to the making of man
 Time with a gift of tears ;
 Grief with a glass that ran ;
 Pleasure, with pain for leaven ;
 Summer, with flowers that fell

Remembrance fallen from heaven,
 And madness risen from hell;
 Strength without hands to smite;
 Love that endures for a breath;
 Night, the shadow of light,
 And life, the shadow of death.

* * * *

From the winds of the north and the south
 They gathered as unto strife;
 They breathed upon his mouth,
 They filled his body with life;
 Eyesight and speech they wrought
 For the veils of the souls therein,
 A time for labour and thought,
 A time to serve and to sin;
 They gave him light in his ways,
 And love, and a space for delight,
 And beauty and length of days,
 And night, and sleep in the night.
 His speech is a burning fire;
 With his lips he travaileth;
 In his heart is a blind desire,
 In his eyes foreknowledge of death;
 He weaves, and is clothed with derision;
 Sows, and he shall not reap;
 His life is a watch or a vision
 Between a sleep and a sleep.

Or in the following musical pant of wretchedness:—

We have seen thee, O Love, thou art fair; thou art goodly, O Love;
 Thy wings make light in the air as the wings of a dove.
 Thy feet are as winds that divide the stream of the sea;
 Earth is thy covering to hide thee, the garment of thee.
 Thou art swift and subtle and blind as a flame of fire;
 Before thee the laughter, behind thee the tears of desire;
 And twain go forth beside thee, a man with a maid;
 Her eyes are the eyes of a bride whom delight makes afraid;
 As the breath in the buds that stir is her bridal breath:
 But Fate is the name of her; and his name is Death.

We would fain dwell a little on Mr. Swinburne's schoolmasters, the minds which seem to have influenced his, but we cannot; nor is it worth while to notice the minor peculiarities within which, or beneath the influence of which, his genius has permitted itself to be moulded. We readily admit that his singularly ductile nature seems to make itself at home in every form of verse, or the mind and fashion of any age to which he is attracted. It is also noticeable that there are marks and hints of what we would call a singular cruelty of taste in the terms he uses; we should get upon ground we have purposely

avoided, if we were to notice the extent to which the passion of love in him seems to express itself in a wild blood-heat of cruelty—but this, also, is of a piece with that mere unspiritualised and passionate sensuousness, by which he has acquired his unenviable notoriety. Thus, while he claims with arrogance, as we have seen, to write for men—men, no more than women will derive much that lifts from what he has hitherto done. Again, we freely admit that there are many things which, young as he is, add something to the wealth of our poetry; but it is in the rush of his eloquence, in the sensuous glow or melody of expression. Wordsworth, whom he despises, had, at his age, given to the world two or three pieces which struck chords vibrating to the deepest heart of man ever since; his *Intimations of Immortality*—his *Tintern Abbey*, &c., &c. We shall receive from Mr. Swinburne nothing like these; nothing that will elevate woman beyond the attractiveness of a houri, or man beyond a victim of an irresistible fate. Yet we do not know; if he would but cease to be a Pagan, the appropriate companions of paganism are sensuality and despair; and there is one mournful flash of prayer—which, long as it is, we shall quote—because, in spite of its almost daring recrimination of God; and bold opening, in which he seems to hurl back upon Jehovah His own words of condemnation and doom—the last line but one seems to breathe out of some wrecked temple in the author's nature the beginning of a better hope:—

A LITANY.

FIRST ANTIPHONE.

ALL the bright lights of heaven
 I will make dark over thee;
 One night shall be as seven
 That its skirts may cover thee;
 I will send on thy strong men a sword,
 On thy remnant a rod;
 Ye shall know that I am the Lord,
 Saith the Lord God.

SECOND ANTIPHONE.

All the bright lights of heaven
 Thou hast made dark over us;
 One night has been as seven
 That its skirt might cover us;
 Thou hast sent on our strong men a sword,
 On our remnant a rod;
 We know that thou art the Lord,
 O Lord our God.

THIRD ANTIPHONE.

As the tresses and wings of the wind
 Are scattered and shaken,

I will scatter all them that have sinned,
 There shall none be taken;
 As a sower that scattereth seed,
 So will I scatter them;
 As one breaketh and shattereth a reed,
 I will break and shatter them.

FOURTH ANTIPHONE.

As the wings and the locks of the wind
 Are scattered and shaken,
 Thou hast scattered all them that have sinned,
 There was no man taken;
 As a sower that scattereth seed,
 So hast thou scattered us;
 As one breaketh and shattereth a reed,
 Thou hast broken and shattered us.

FIFTH ANTIPHONE.

From all thy lovers that love thee
 I God will sunder thee;
 I will make darkness above thee,
 And thick darkness under thee;
 Before me goeth a light,
 Behind me a sword;
 Shall a remnant find grace in my sight?
 I am the Lord.

SIXTH ANTIPHONE.

From all our lovers that love us
 Thou God didst sunder us;
 Thou madest darkness above us,
 And thick darkness under us;
 Thou hast kindled thy wrath for a light,
 And made ready thy sword;
 Let a remnant find grace in thy sight,
 We beseech thee, O Lord.

SEVENTH ANTIPHONE.

Wilt thou bring fine gold for a payment
 For sins on this wise?
 For the glittering of raiment
 And the shining of eyes,
 For the painting of faces
 And the sundering of trust,
 For the sins of thine high places
 And delight of thy lust?

For your high things ye shall have lowly,
 Lamentation for song;
 For, behold, I God am holy,
 I the Lord am strong;
 Ye shall seek me and shall not reach me
 Till the wine-press be trod;
 In that hour ye shall turn and beseech me,
 Saith the Lord God.

EIGHTH ANTIPHONE.

Not with fine gold for a payment,
But with coin of sighs,
But with rending of raiment
And with weeping of eyes,
But with shame of stricken faces
And with strewing of dust
For the sin of stately places
And lordship of lust;
With voices of men made lowly,
Made empty of song,
O Lord God most holy,
O God most strong,
We reach out hands to reach thee
Ere the wine-press be trod;
We beseech thee, O Lord, we beseech thee,
O Lord our God.

NINTH ANTIPHONE.

In that hour thou shalt say to the night,
Come down and cover us;
To the cloud on thy left and thy right,
Be thou spread over us;
A snare shall be as thy mother,
And a curse thy bride;
Thou shalt put her away, and another
Shall lie by thy side.
Thou shalt neither rise up by day
Nor lie down by night;
Would God it were dark! thou shalt say;
Would God it were light!
And the sight of thine eyes shall be made;
As the burning of fire;
And thy soul shall be sorely afraid
For thy soul's desire.
Ye whom your lords loved well,
Putting silver and gold on you,
The inevitable hell
Shall surely take hold on you;
Your gold shall be for a token,
Your staff for a rod;
With the breaking of bands ye are broken,
Saith the Lord God.

TENTH ANTIPHONE.

In our sorrow we said to the night,
Fall down and cover us;
To the darkness at left and at right,
Be thou shed over us;
We had breaking of spirit to mother
And cursing to bride;
And one was slain, and another
Stood up at our side.

We could not arise by day,
 Nor lie down by night;
 Thy sword was sharp in our way,
 Thy word in our sight;
 The delight of our eyelids was made
 As the burning of fire,
 And our souls became sorely afraid
 For our souls' desire.

We whom the world loved well,
 Laying silver and gold on us,
 The kingdom of death and of hell
 Riseth up to take hold on us;
 Our gold is turned to a token;
 Our staff to a rod;
 Yet shalt thou bind them up that were broken,
 O Lord our God.

We cannot better lay down the volumes than in the act of quoting this last piece. Mr. Swinburne has received, he believes, from fate—we believe from the “Father of Light,” the “Giver of all good gifts”—we know that he has denominated all this “cant”—a superfluity of endowment, an instinct for beauty and melody. The poor world will gain little by what he has done hitherto; but, in the hope that his prayer, which seems like a faith, may be answered,

“Yet shalt thou bind them up that were broken,”

We hope that his genius may yet shine forth in a love as radiant for Christ, as it is now dark beneath the dank shades of Paganism; and a faith, bright beneath the assurance of spiritual existence, as it is now wet, and shaded, and shivering from the exhalations and fogs of sense.

VI.

QUEVEDO REDIVIVUS.—“LETTERS FROM HELL.”*

WE have hesitated a little whether we should introduce this work to the notice of our readers; the title is one to startle; and assuredly grave exceptions may be taken by Christian folk to the ushering any volumes into the world beneath any such, shall we call it, *nom de plume*? At once, then, we may say that if we differ from the doctrines of the book in many particulars, we see little in it that can be fairly called objectionable. We assure our readers, that whoever the author may be (and the name on the titlepage is quite strange to us, while we perceive that the book is advertised as by a Danish pastor, and the work determined upon) it is not unworthy of a minister of religion. The discrepancy between it and the place from which it is supposed to be written is, that it seems fearfully in earnest. We are not in the habit of identifying moral earnestness as an attribute of poor lost souls. Yet the author has some warrant in the beseeching cry of the poor rich man—“Tell my brethren, that they come not into this place of torment.” Whether the author is familiar with what has been done before in this way, we have no indication. In England we have had our *Dialogues of Devils*,—the production of an estimable Baptist minister—a book long forgotten in the limbo of old books. We have associated *Quevedo* and his celebrated *visions* with the present work, but there is in reality no resemblance; *Quevedo* was a Spanish satirist—and much as the present writer indulges in satire, it is not the chief element of his work, though it is sharp and severe enough. An old French writer wrote what had some fame in its day, *Eloge d’Enfer*—which passed into an English translation, and was to be found for some time on our old book shelves.† Several other writers, more or less known, from the grand and magnificent *Dante* to the miserable French wit, *Scarron*, have attempted, after various literary fashions, and with more or less purpose to

* *Letters from Hell*. By M. Rowel, 2 vols. Bentley.

† *The Praise of Hell; or, a View of the Infernal Regions; containing some Account of the Advantages of that Place, with respect to its Antiquity, Situation, and Stability. Together with a description of its Inhabitants; their dresses, manners, amusements, and employment, &c., &c.*, 1760.

pourtray the world of unhappy souls; so that the author is not without what may be called respectable precedent in literature for his still singular-enough design. Without implying any resemblance, there is still more of Dantean earnestness than of other relationship to his predecessors in his fearful excursions of thought, speculation and description; and it may be said, that the idea once conceived, it is easy for genius in earnest, with a real purpose, to spread out, to build and people its vast realm of lost and agonised souls. The author has at once plenty of learning, and knowledge of the world at his command; but who could expect such a work upon such a subject to be satisfactory?—it is like a fragment, and ends in a broken mystery of misery; this also we may say, beyond that which is natural and necessary to the working out of the sermon, there is no fine, flimsy, hypothetical sentiment; there is no attempt to play tricks, either with human nature or Scripture; no attempt to load the words of divine truth, like dice, with double meanings. There is a fearful but natural intensity of incident; and a strong, vehement satire, is mingled with a frequent sweet pathos and tenderness, which as we have said, it may be difficult to conceive, the property of such a spirit in such a region, but it rings through the pages like a dirge from “sweet bells jangled.” The author ought to be proof against all reviewers; for he has given to them a pretty meed of commendation. It is quite clear where he anticipates all of us will find our home at last. But we rather expect that our estimate of the book is likely to be singular; we prophecy that snubs and sneers, thick as hail, will be its portion; we can quite see upon what score some will denounce it as “bad in taste;” and some, with whom we perhaps might have more sympathy, as “imperfect in execution;” and to that huge section, who in their wide catholicity of feeling have jumbled up all beliefs into indifference and unbelief, and to whom the great business of the pen is to call “evil good,” and “darkness light,” and “make the worse appear the better reason,” and to show that heavy things are imponderable—it will present a fine opportunity for sarcasm and scorn. In these days, when, as Carlyle says, “unbelief has got so far that it “would be some comfort, even if we could believe in a devil;” when eternal distinctions are confounded; and when, with a quite polite deference to human sensibilities, ministers of cultivated tastes have agreed to treat the doctrines of future and everlasting punishment with a gentle and becoming reticence and reserve, it can hardly be expected that these *Letters from Hell* will be regarded as a welcome message. “A very coarse mind,” at best; “A very morbid

imagination"—"very harsh and incomprehensive ideas of Divine truth," and so on; still, if the author shall obtain a few readers who shall be brought steadily to think what the human mind is; how it lives eternally in the perpetuation and succession of its own master ideas and passions; and, if this thought, fairly and fearfully held, shall produce an earnest watchfulness over the seminal principles of ideas, and lead to that issue which he seems earnestly to desire, the "No condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus," and the confession with the mouth, and the belief in the heart of the Lord Jesus—we think so highly of our unknown writer, that we believe, whatever the reviewers may say, he will feel satisfied. As a work, the doctrines of the book are remarkably plain; the writer attempts to indulge in no metaphysical labyrinthine speculations,—to all who are able to believe that mind is synonymous with memory, and that memory had become a vehicle of intensest remorse, the conclusions and scenes through which the reader is led are easy enough. "Consciousness, memory, these are our bitter torments." This is the whole of the book; desire corresponds to will, but both are limited, and narrowed by themselves, or by the motives and world in which they act; so that "they which would pass from you to us cannot; neither can any pass from hence." Amid it all, the free and easy speculations with which we have been entertained in modern days, from the heavenly dreams of universalists and rationalists,—who has ever been able to transcend that statement? The whole metaphysics of Heaven and Hell are included in it—and upon it, without quoting it, as upon a hinge, the visions and the words of the author sway to and fro. We think we see how lights of infinite hope play over the mind of the author, but he does not unfold them; with reference to the worlds beyond, what we know or what we believe must be limited to the knowledge of the laws of our own nature, and to the "It is written" of the Word. These have been the inspirations beneath which the author has prepared his book. Beneath views like these, it is quite possible yet to believe in instantaneous salvation, even after a life of sin. The author illustrates this in a beautiful little parable of truth, one of many of the same kind, with which his pages are strown.

"A man was lying at the point of death. The world was vanishing away from him like a vapour. At last the great question occurred to him, 'Whither will you go when you have departed hence?' And with this a restless agitation and anxiety seized him.

"He was at the point of death; in its last great agonies. But around his bed stood ten terrible forms; stiff, cold, implacable. They were

the ten commandments of God, And they lifted up their voices against him, one after the other, and vehemently accused him. The first said, ‘Unhappy man, how many gods have you not worshipped in the world, and in your sinful heart?’ Another, ‘How often and in how many ways have you not taken God’s name in vain?’ A third, ‘How often have you not broken the day of rest for yourself and others?’ A fourth, ‘How often have you not defied God in those things in which you owed obedience and reverence?’ A fifth, ‘How often have you not offended your brother, and trodden compassion under foot?’ And so on, one after the other. All the ten with one voice cried, ‘Woe over him!’

“But the dying man writhed in agony on his bed, and could give them no answer. He must have felt that he was utterly lost. At last he stammered out in despair;

“‘Will nothing induce you to leave my bed, ye fearful accusers, that I may die in peace?’

“And they answered, ‘Only on one condition will we go. When we ten have left, One will come in our place, and to Him you must unconditionally, with heart and soul, belong for all eternity. Do you agree to this?’

“The wretched man pondered. It seemed to him terrible; his heart throbbed as if at its last beat. At length he answered,

“Well, go then, and let the One come; I would rather have to do with one than with ten!’

“Scarcely had he uttered these words than the dark accusers vanished, and in their place stood a radiant form, noble and gentle, the express image of Mercy. The wretched man fixed his glazed eyes on the form. Though dying he felt a new life within him. Suddenly his baptism and the long-forgotten lessons of childhood came into his thoughts, which his pious mother had taught him when he was a little child; he thought about God, who is Love, and about sinners who could be saved. In an instant it all seemed so plain and so real, as if it had never been out of his thoughts. And he knew who the form was!

“Then a hallowed smile lightened up his face; involuntarily he stretched out his arms, and cried with a last effort,

“‘Yes, I will belong to Thee, body and soul, to all eternity! Lord have mercy on me—receive my spirit!’

“And his spirit fled. He had departed in peace!”

So far the leading doctrines of the book. Referring to the work itself, it reads like a collection of episodes; there are passages in it, which, if they do not reveal the highest grandeur of imagination, have yet careful and searching strength. Here is a striking picture of a glimpse, caught by the writer, of a well-known character, and how that character was occupied.

I fancied I heard some one groan. I rose to my feet, and a strange sight met my eye. He was a man of stately form; not so his posture, for he was squatting down by the water, washing his hands.

They were covered with blood; but the more he washed them, the more bloody did they become, so that when he held them up out of the water, the great drops fell off them. It was horrible!

He knew very well that I was behind him; for, all at once, he turned round without further introduction, and asked me the question, "What is truth?"

I started, and for a moment was unable to utter a word in reply. Strange questions like that cannot, at all events, be answered in an off-hand way. With an impatient expression on his face and in his voice he again asked,

"What is truth?"

I replied, "It is a truth that it is too late to inquire what truth is here!"

But the answer did not seem to satisfy him, for he shook his head and turned away, and again began eagerly to wash his bloody hands.

I tried to get him into conversation, but it was useless. I could not doubt, therefore, but that here was one of those wretched beings before me, who once had stood face to face with the Son of God, had conversed with Him, and had His life in their hands. I burned with eagerness to get to him to speak; but all my pains were thrown away. So at last I left him.

Who could it be? It scarcely needed one look at the long robe with the purple border, and the ring on the finger, to feel certain that it was none other but Pontius Pilate, once the Roman governor of Judea!

When he has not anything to do in the Jewish capital, he is always to be found crouching down by the river side washing his hands. And when any one passes by him, he turns round and asks, "What is truth?" And everybody is obliged to give him an answer to his question. But he ever shakes his head; no one can tell him. For the question does not refer to truth in the concrete, but to abstract, absolute truth. Nobody knows anything about it here.

Do you not see the striking anomaly? Pilate asking about truth, while he is washing his hands in the mire and mud of falsehood.

Among the notabilities of hell, of whom we also on earth seem to have some knowledge—wandering near to the country of the yawning pit, the writer met other two; who also, like Pilate, had a fearful share in that greatest transaction of time.

I was nearly rushing into the arms of an individual who was coming towards me. But could that shapeless form, with its crushed, torn body, and hideously-contorted features, be a human being? Yes, indeed it was, and one readily recognised from the description that has been given of it. The name of this person was Judas Iscariot.

Around his neck he wears a noose that has been broken asunder; in his hand he bears the thirty pieces of silver. The noose chafes him terribly round the neck; *the pieces of money burn his hand. Often he throws them away from him, but they always return.* Each time they

make a little round patch on the world, and then lie once more, bloody as they are, in his clenched hand. Thereupon one hears him moan:

“What is that to us? See thou to that!” A fruitless repentance, which in reality is no repentance, occupies his entire conscience; and he has only one aim, namely, to come behind some person or other, and hang around his neck.

What his intention thereby is, is not quite clear. Some think that he really means hanging himself; that he will do over again, and do better, what he failed to do in the world. It is, doubtless, a misconception! But certainly it has never appeared what terrible thing would happen were he to succeed in hanging himself round another person's neck; but, at all events, I do not think it could be Judas who would stand in danger of being strangled. But, in the opinion of others, the matter is supposed to resolve itself into this, that Judas is simply searching for some Christian person who can restore him the kiss he once gave his Lord and Master, and rid him of the thirty pieces of silver. But of course he can find no one. As may well be imagined, there is no one who will wait for his embrace and kiss. All fly from him with unmentionable horror; and, fortunately, it is not difficult to escape from him.

I, too, fled away, but not far, for I was obliged to stop. A fearful sight presented itself! Again I asked myself, “Can that, too, be a human being?”

Yes, indeed it was, wasted away to the very bones. A living skeleton, not the less a phenomenon here than it would be in the world. I learnt who it was at a later period. It was that fellow among the servants of the High Priest, that smote God's Son on the mouth.

His history is shortly as follows:

The hand wherewith he smote the Lord began immediately to shrivel up and wither away. And so he continued to wither slowly away, inch by inch, from his outer parts to his heart. At last there was nothing left but skin and deformed bones. And thus he wandered about, an object of terror to all persons. He felt how death was slowly, but surely, stealing upon him. It was a long, long time ere it reached his heart. His life became one continuous dread of death. Each day, as it came, he feared would be his last. But day succeeded day, year followed upon year, and still there was no end.

But an end came at last, not to his suffering, but to his earthly life. He died and went to Hell. Here he suffers the same agony of soul, inasmuch as he is possessed by the horrible fancy that he is still ever dwindling and withering away. He asks everybody, just as he used to do in the world, whether they can see any alteration in him.

Under this idea he lives and breathes, and walks quietly about, in order to spare his diminishing strength. We do not fear him; one cannot but shudder at him. Whenever he speaks, it is generally to ask that anxious, breathless question. Only now and then he whispers to himself—

“Why smotest thou me?” and looks down at his withered right hand.

We think our readers will agree with us that scenes and pieces like these exhibit something even of a weird and terrible power of conception, and corresponding strength of expression—we referred to the author's satire: When he indulges it, it is both unmingled and unreserved; as when we are told "The news has reached hell that you have begun to act plays in your churches, and to hold Divine service in your theatres." In truth, considering the numbers who pass away from time into eternity, it is not wonderful that those who are *there*, are pretty well posted up in what we are doing; and some of our doings create such amusement as can be experienced there, and a very adequate scorn. Such hints as these suit, not only Ritualists, but some others, who regard the pulpit as something akin to a sensational novel:

But I have heard that the use of opera glasses has become quite general in churches—that people subscribe to them just as they do to theatres, if they wish to have a seat, is already an old, a very old story—that on these solemn occasions they clamber up anywhere, wherever they can get, just as in a circus; even up on the pulpit, and the monuments, to say nothing of on each other's backs, so as to be able to see: about hearing; which according to old-fashioned notions was the principal thing, they do not trouble themselves a bit. So that your sole aim is to witness a spectacle in the hallowed places. It is no happy direction, forsooth, your piety has elected to take! You take Heaven by storm, like a modern race of Titans; but it is only a theatre's Heaven!

And as Hell seems to be the region of imitation, we are not surprised to learn that they have a church establishment there—"there is nothing wanting in Hell. We have everything that is; and yet it is as if we had nothing. I only said a church establishment; I might just as well have said a church *dis*-establishment; it would be all one,"—and of course they have preachers, sensational preachers—Hell is the region of unsatisfied sensation. See an animated party in Hell.

Among the guests was a Pastor R—I had nearly mentioned his name; but you know it is contrary to my principles to do so. He was a good old acquaintance of mine.

In his time he was a much admired sensational preacher, with great powers of declamation, and not a little proud of his gift withal. In other respects he was one of those priests whom the world calls liberal, and in every sense thinks nothing beneath him saving the purely spiritual. When we were separating he said to me:

"Come to hear me some time or other! My church is at the corner of Carnal Lust and Frailty"—do not be surprised at our street names—"fronting the first-named one. Any child can show you the way. I have just got a splendid sermon on the stocks."

He used the word “child,” and you must not be led astray by the expression. Of children, that is to say, of actual children, there are none in Hell. But do not people in the world use the expression, “great babies,” or “old children?” Are there not numbers of persons who reach a high age without ever being grown up? Well, of such old children there are more than can be counted fooling about in Hell!

So I went to hear my *quondam* reverend friend, at the corner of Carnal Lust and Frailty.

Theatres in hell. A ball in hell. The theologians in hell. Light literature, for which there is as great a demand as upon earth—crowds of noisy people who yet cannot articulate a single sound—intensified egotism everywhere—painful, longing, continuous pain—it is like the story of earth perpetuated. Why not? What parts of Scripture, or what teachings of common-sense are they which should lead us to expect a great change in the consciousness after death—intensified, thoroughly developed and awakened consciousness, but perpetuated in its own line of desire, is that which the author reads as the law of the life—it is the law of the book also; and two texts, to which we do not remember that he ever refers, are turned through a multitude of terrible, touching, and dramatic incidents. “You remember,” and “He that is unholy, let him be unholy still.” As to the place itself and to its people, we must grieve to hear it; though, for our parts, we have not the remotest doubt of the truth of the intelligence,—the old folks in hell, and hell has some very old folks, informed our writer of two or three remarkable facts:—The atmosphere is becoming more dense; and this arises from the immense and infinite increase of false, purposeless language and twaddle upon earth. Another remarkable fact, the number of women entering hell now-a-days is immensely increasing. In former times, even so recently as half a century since, the number of men was not so little above that of the women; now, the sexes are both well represented, and the women have begun to exceed the men in numbers. This is attributed to the modern system of education, which cultivates every part of the nature except the heart, making every fold of the dress of importance, and all intellectual accomplishment desirable; getting a woman to blunder through a number of languages of no earthly use to her, while God, the Creator, Saviour, and Lord; and truthfulness and love; and the great, beautiful, and noble in life, are either neglected, or perhaps treated with contempt. In some passages when the author’s satire catches fire, it rings at the close of such cynical words as these like passionate entreaty. As thus:

In our forefathers' days it was very different. Women then were plainly brought up to fulfil their home duties; the rest of their education was principally confined to teaching them their Catechism. Even that was something, and not so very little either. Women then had a conscience, and a destined part to fulfil. With pious and single hearts they felt themselves to be in God, and found their greatest joy in performing the duties of their sphere of life, circumscribed though it might be. But now, what is duty?

One of the clearest interpretations modern days have given of it is, that it is something very wearisome.

And what is to live? It is to be able to chatter, to trifle away time, to strum upon the piano, to dress, to get a husband, some sweet little children, which in time will grow up; and to have an establishment, to be fêted, to be incomparable, if possible, to the very last hour, and then—one thing is lacking yet, but to that how little heed is paid!—and then to awaken and find themselves in the torments of Hell.

In truth, dear people, your ladies' institutions are a kind of school for Satan. It is bad enough with men, but with women it is a hundred times worse.

Indeed, the scholars catch it pretty severely; the German theologues; the recent authors of the lives of Christ; the scientific myth-builders and illusionists—and all kinds of the professors of those deceitful sciences which deceive the soul of its true sense, while they charm the devil; the writer quotes with strong emphasis what he calls that remarkable proverb, "There is a science in lying; as the Devil said when he was 'studying at the university of Kiel.'" The writer was surprised, on one occasion, when he went to the great ball we mentioned just now, and found the orchestra fully employed; of course, everything in hell is illusive, and so is the music. "One 'fancies,'" he says, "one hears it, and so one dances. They 'were mostly Strauss's waltzes they played; but when, by 'chance, I happened to look over the books of the performers, 'I found to my amazement that, instead of the notes of Strauss, 'the famous dance music composer, they had the writings of the 'Theologians lying open before them.'" We shall not follow the author much further in this view; but the following we take to be not less true than it is terrible:—

Yes, truly, one must allow that broad is the road that leads to destruction. But it is from Hell that one first gets to learn its breadth.

Some dance, as it were, along this road. But it takes up some little time, for they have to run into so many inns, taverns, and casinos on the road. The whole of their life is a pastime, a sport, a feast; and they do not inquire whether it is God or the Devil that gives the feast. They employ all their senses; and, if occasion offers, procure themselves

one or two extra senses. It is against nature, it is true; but what of that? The enjoyment is all the greater. They drag as many things as possible with them into the whirl wherein they revolve; whether genuine or spurious is a matter of supreme indifference. They breathe only in the present moment; their future is the next ball, rout, or banquet, the last piece at the theatre, or the latest fashion; their eternity, the wearisome hour of expectation. They say to themselves, "We live, we live." But death holds them in his grasp. Holbein's well-known Dance of Death in the old town of Basle is more than a fable. They dance, saunter, prate, sleep, and eat themselves through the world. Suddenly a little wrench, and . . . they are in Hell!

And many others creep, as it were, along the broad road. One would think it was troublesome work, but it is not. The mole in the earth does not find it more troublesome than the bird in the air. And they are a kind of mole.

"We look to what is solid," say they; and then they burrow down into the earth.

"We see," say they, and they are right.

It is a mere fable that moles are blind from their birth. On the contrary, they have the keenest eyesight, even for every little morsel they meet with on the road. They are not, indeed, searching for morsels; on the contrary, they are looking out for whole pieces. But nothing is beneath their notice, so they put up with the morsels of the earth's treasures; for they know none other. Ever looking downwards, only that which is found in the soil is of value to them. Of what is above they are ignorant, neither do they trouble themselves to know. It has never excited their attention that there is a Heaven, and that it is full of stars. Their life is one endless burrowing; nay, not endless! For when they have thus burrowed through greater or smaller portions of the world, all at once they come upon a hole quite unawares. This hole is death. Down they plump into it, and when they awaken to consciousness they find themselves in Hell.

But hitherto we seem to have given too simply a one-sided view of the book; its tenderness, pity, and pathos; its general affectionateness of character are far more diffused than its satire—the memory of the writer runs back and calls up the tenderest reminiscences and scenes of earthly beauty; once too, he is smitten down, lost to sense, as he obtains a glimpse, such as the rich man obtained, of the impossible paradise; and sees, safe and secure there, in perfect holiness and blessedness, his old lost hallowed love—whose love, he learned in his place of torment, had been given to him as a means to transform him to holiness; but which had failed, and was therefore taken away. And we must justify the author by saying that the book is not dark-spirited and morose; life is what its great and sovereign intention is, and this measures out its condition. Blundering piety stumbles along, making all sorts of mistakes, falling into

all kinds of faults, perhaps even sins; but the intention, and the sorrow, and the wrestling, and the faith in the Saviour's work and help, planted it right at last, and gave it a place in the heart's most holy land; a prim saintliness that never made a mistake, never fell into an error, was always correct—is, to the amazement of its predecessor, seen entering upon the dark wastes, because the whole life had been one utter selfishness, the incarnation of a hard, lampless, loveless soul. The author has a great faith in the rectifying power of a rightly-placed love. Who, with any sense, has not? Yet the streets of the world are, no doubt, thronged by loveless people, lusts of many kinds blazing through their natures, but no love. In one of those pretty legends in the volume, the story is told how an old man came to the Apostle Peter, as he was on his way to Rome to martyrdom, pouring out grief and tears that his faith was so miserable; his life so rocked by every kind of doubt; so that fearfully he doubted himself, and his interest in the Saviour, and his hopes; and the following answer of the apostle, which any experienced Christian would have given, is not less beautiful than it is helpful and true:

“The Apostle delayed answering. His countenance became, as it were, transfigured, as he looked before him into space. What was it that had moved the old man's heart so happily? It was a recollection! He saw himself in the spirit by the Lake of Gennesareth; he heard once more the risen Saviour asking:

“‘Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me?’ And his heart replied, ‘Yea, Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee!’ And the Saviour added, ‘Keep my sheep!’

“‘Keep my sheep!’

“The apostle's look fell upon the suppliant. Here was one of the Good Shepherd's lost sheep. And he said to him with inward emotion:

“‘Poor man, as you cannot rectify your faith, henceforth try to rectify your love. Pay attention to what I have to say. Henceforth you shall have but one aim, one thought; namely, how you can show the Lord your love. Your whole life shall be given up to this thought. In all your actions, in all your relations, you shall have this only before your eyes. The greatest thing must not be too great, the smallest too little, for you to show your Saviour that you really love Him. Sacrifice after sacrifice shall you bring Him, as you show Him that in all things you deny yourself for His sake! Yes, for His sake! Henceforth the spirit of these words be your strength! Let them live in your soul, and act according to them! Then shall you find peace, and be happy; for in the same proportion that you let Him feel that you love Him, will you feel that He loves you, and so you will be saved. Love will be in and for you the fulfilment of the law.’

“‘See,’ continued Peter, with an impressive voice; ‘see how wonderful this love of His is! It appears exactly as if it were you who were bringing Him sacrifice after sacrifice. But it is only so in appearance;

for the value of all the offerings you bring Him does not benefit Him, but you yourself. He takes nothing, but only gives, according to His word; “It is more blessed to give than to receive!” He is satisfied with your love alone. It is not you, but He Himself who makes the sacrifice, as the fulness of that sacrifice He once offered is of infinite benefit to you, in life, in death, and in eternity.

“‘My son, now go in peace, and for the rest of your life think only of this one thing; how, in small things as well as in great, in everything you may be able to show the Lord that you love Him!’”

“‘But faith, oh father,’ asked the stranger, ‘how shall it fare with faith, by virtue of which alone a man can be saved?’”

“A hallowed smile lightened up the old man’s features as he answered:

“Son, trouble not yourself about it. There shall be no lack of faith. Simple child, do you really think that faith can be lacking there, where the fulness of love is present? Go your way, hold firm to that you have! Mercy and peace be with you.”

We think most readers will feel impressed, in reading these volumes, by the almost surprising variety of incisive incident. We all know what a tendency there is in the mind or heart during its period of great and overwhelming grief—when the soul pronounces the word irreparable—to go back to old loved scenes. Memory is a wonderful photographer, even in almost ordinary states, when the very joys we possessed in the past are preserved to us; but when memory is intensified by despair, the power becomes more than stereoscopic; the things, the person, the place, the conversation, become intensely alive, and then if we were unfaithful to them, and were at all the means of our losing them, the poor spirit feels a misery, as if rained upon by that shower of fiery sand which Dante beheld falling—falling—falling noiselessly—but every dropping a stroke of fire. Thus the writer crowds in his letters little insignificant incidents; in which, however, by moral unfaithfulness, he incurred a terrible penalty. Once in life he met a girl—a virtuous, honest girl; dropped some casual words in her ear which became poison; he told her that her beauty was capital, and bade her make it pay—“make it pay!” So she was lost, and he knew it; and that came back to him. The things which seem insignificant become transferred into that moral consciousness, when they involved a moral wrong, infinite and overwhelming pain; careless actions which became cruel actions; thoughtless words which bore cruel consequences; he likens himself to one nailed to a great tree in a forest, while all the gnats buzz round, everyone with a sting. And sweet old days just as harrowing as bad deeds.

It is but a trifling matter, you see ; but it has its sting, and the smart pains.

In town there was a little garden to my house. A neighbour's house fronted it on one side with a blind wall ; and yet not quite blind, for some distance down it there was a window. It seemed like the eye of the house, and I conceived the idea that this eye did not lose sight of me. It was a mere fancy, for behind the window sat a poor sempstress, who had quite enough to do with her work, without spying after me. Of course she looked down into the garden every now and then ; and in the morning and evening she even ventured to open her window. There was certainly no harm in this ; but for all that I took offence at it. In short, in an angry moment, I availed myself of my legal rights, and had some planks nailed up before the offending window.

But this right of mine was a huge wrong. My little garden was one of the greatest blessings that had fallen to this poor girl's lot. There were flowers in it, and she was passionately fond of flowers. There were shrubs in it, and the green colour was so good for her weak eyes. At the back of the garden was a summer-house formed by lime trees, where a tribe of little birds used to take refuge, and she was so fond of birds, and so pleased to hear their chirping. By placing these planks up in front of the window, I had not only deprived her of all these treats, but even of the pure air, aye, of the light itself which was essential to her work.

Before long, it struck me that I had been guilty of something which bore some resemblance to cruelty. I let it run round my head and my heart for some time ; at last, when I had got a philanthropic scheme duly prepared, I went into my neighbour's. But it was too late ! The poor girl had been obliged to leave a house, which the joys and sorrows of fifteen years had hallowed and endeared to her.

Another trifle ! Not in itself, perhaps ; but trifling when compared with the many evil deeds of my life. But, believe me, it scorches my heart now !

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Reminiscences such as these must come home to me here, and they will make themselves heard. The law of existence is perfect justice ; and this law pervades the world, Hell, and the kingdom of Heaven too. Everything, if it only have a shadow of evil in it, will come home to me some time or other, and demand restitution, and claim an equivalent retribution, unless by God's mercy it be intercepted on the road. Evil in the world insists on a corresponding measure of suffering in Hell.

Cannot you hear how the gnats are swarming and buzzing round me ?

There is one tree in the forest beneath which I must stop again and again, and give vent to my deep-drawn sighs. It bears the fruits of a mis-spent life, and they seem to pour down upon me. How I might have enjoyed myself ! How much I could have done ! How happy I might have been !

But I would not.

While I walked in the light I was blind ; and blindly I fell into my grave.

In darkness I see now for the first time !

Or such passages as this ; the following tender wail over forfeited enjoyment.

How rich in enjoyment is that earthly life when properly viewed. From Hell we can see it to be so with terrible clearness. And, I must confess, my life has been one of those that have been most richly endowed. How many happy, I am almost tempted to say blessed, moments, have I not experienced !

Not unfrequently a bell sounds in my ears. It rings and rings ; its vibrating clang pierces my heart. It is the vesper bell, which I listened to so often in the world with feelings of delight.

At the first sound, straightway a rustic landscape unfolds itself to my gaze, with all the enchantment which memory alone can impart. Either it is at home among the rich corn-fields, by wood or by lake ; or amid the lofty mountains, whose glittering summits are bathed in the evening glow. The sun has just set, but it has left a glow behind it, which is ever shifting overhead in a blaze of purple or of gold. Gradually all has become hushed. Nature sinks deeper and deeper into a hallowed repose. And that it is a hallowed repose, the vesper bell from the village church proclaims.

The day's work is over ; everything is making ready to rest. Those who are united in love will soon be assembled together. In the cottage, the mother is gathering her children around her, awaiting the arrival of her husband ; and then, when he does come, the door is closed, and all the toil, vexations, and troubles of life are left outside. Perhaps a little grief lurks within, but it is forfeited to love. It serves but to nourish affection, and affection must subsist.

Oh that I was but the poor labourer returning homewards from the fields with the wearied team ; or the ragged urchin that saunters along behind the cattle.

But the vesper bell says, "It is too late."—Yes, yes, it is too late !

This law of compensation strikes a chord in the book of terrible common-sense. Hell is in its very nature retributive ; and every wrong done goes back to the wrong-doer, and there finally rests itself. As we saw above, Judas kept flinging away those thirty pieces of silver, but back into his hands they would come—and Pilate kept washing his hands, but the blood could not be washed from them ; hence, we are informed there is a most remarkable post-office in Hell ; it is singular in its character, for the letters are those not merely of the writer, but the enquirer : the David and Uriah, and Judas letters—letters intended to ruin or injure by their falsehood and deceit ; they go before the writer to that very remarkable post-office ; a

natural and horrible fascination compels the writer to become the enquirer ; and if there be one, it is returned into the writer's hands, and burns intensely. Similarly, also, the writer describes how all perjury and every written lie has its inevitable tendency to attract the writer to follow it whither it has gone before him, to that world of strict justice and exact compensation. But we have perhaps loitered too long and quoted too much from these volumes ; we have been desirous of doing justice to a work which we believe, by its title, is likely to repel ; we fancy that we have quoted sufficiently to show that we have in it a work of real and remarkable power. The writer may know nothing of Hoffman ; certainly there is no remote tint of imitation, yet it reminds us of those most wild and wonderful tales of that master of German glamoury, who possessed in so eminent a degree the power to conjure up spirits for the purpose of extracting the most subtle secrets and ways of the human heart, by their strange imposture of reality. Our writer keeps a more distinct highway, and deals more with matters of common-sense—though he is able to play with terrors too, as the *Legend of the Cold Hand* ; and the ghostly lady who roamed about for centuries, looking for the lost pearl of her necklace, abundantly testify. The title of the book is likely, we believe, to be its worst foe ; as a matter of taste, however, it is not more objectionable than Hoffman's celebrated *Devil's Elixir*. The author will probably justify himself to himself, and care very little more about it ; we had almost said that the degree to which he is able to do this, justifies him in writing the book at all. As to such voyaging and adventures, we have said already, Dante has been permitted to exercise a spell of fearful power over men's imaginations, by the scenery of retribution through which he passed ; and to which, were it not for the universality of the whole design, and its relation to the visions and expressions of so pre-eminent a master, far greater exception might be taken than can be taken to anything here. To contemplate the power of an imagination commencing its long and fearful march of despair ; the will, its companion and twin, clothing itself according to its desire, engaged in giving a semi-objective, yet all phantasmal form to its bewildering conceptions ; moving restlessly, silently ever through the scenery of ghosts, phantasmal forms, and shades ; among kings who made desolate places for themselves, and cities reared from stones hewn, or thrown from weighted hearts ; it all has a very terrible and perceptible analogue to what preachers are supposed to be constantly teaching, what Scripture declares, and what deepest human thoughts wonder after and fear.

VII.

OUR BOOK CLUB.

A STORY of considerable promise is *Lynton Grange. A Novel.* By John R. S. Harrington—(Pitman)—indicating many of the best powers of a good tale-teller; some considerable knowledge of the world and of character, and a power of retaining the secret through the story until it draws near its close. There is a pleasant sense of natural scenery and description; and if, as we suppose, this be one of the author's early achievements in authorship, it indicates a possession of gifts which will brighten and be turned to excellent account at once to please and improve. We have read the story with pleasure, and can speak heartily of its brightness and freshness.

A THIRD series reaches us of *Hymns of Faith and Hope.* By Horatius Bonar, D.D. *Third Series.* (James Nisbet.)—The pleasing, soothing tone of Dr. Bonar's meditation is well known by all our readers; and, we dare say, not less prized than known. This third series, however, will not increase his reputation, while it will not diminish it. We look through its pages in vain for such very bright, happy words, as gave such a deserved popularity to the first series. "I was a wandering sheep;" "I heard the voice of Jesus say;" "Far down the ages now;" &c., &c. In fact, Dr. Bonar is like John Keble in this; no after-attempts ever overtook *The Christian Year.* *The Lyra Innocentium*, &c., &c., were but faint echoes of the same sentiment. It is very natural for the sacred poet thus to repeat himself in the same direction in which he has found his words prized and sought for. Dr. Bonar does not seem to us in this volume always happy in his measures; he seems to us to be fond of the Latin poems of the early or middle ages, and to attempt to transfuse the sweet brevity of their verse into our language; but that which is so musical in them, becomes stiff, stilted, and straitened with us. Thus much by way of estimate of the literary freshness of the volume. To thousands of Christian minds, it will be a very delightful visitor; the same happy adaptation of some text which strikes upon the fancy of the author, and reflects a manifold prismatic beauty, "The blood that speaketh better things;" "Let your light shine;" "Could ye not watch?" "Unspeakable words;" &c., &c.—the same use of a mediæval lens for looking

at a Protestant faith, as in *Vigilate* and *Jubilate*. Very tenderly, Dr. Bonar evidently loves those sweet old Latin hymns, and we could be well pleased to receive from his sweet, evangelical pen, some translations of them, which we are sure could only be felicitous. We receive this volume just as we are closing for the press, and cannot give to it much space; but for this reason we would be glad to quote, only that its length prohibits, *Extra Portain*, a very beautiful translation from a hymn by Hildebert, of the eleventh century. The following is in his well-known evangelical measure of expression:—

LOVE OUR RESTING-PLACE.

ON the great love of God I lean,
Love of the Infinite, Unseen,
With nought of heaven or earth between.
This God is mine, and I am His,
His love is all I need of bliss.

Once and for ever reconciled,
The sinful with the Undefined,
I walk with Him, His trustful child;
The blood of the great sacrifice
My troubled conscience pacifies.

In the calm light of God I move
The light of holiness and love,
Like the pure light of heaven above;—
For God is love, and God is light,
A day without a cloud or night.

To the dear home of God I press,
The mansion of eternal bliss,
The seat of love and righteousness.
O home and seat of glorious life,
Beyond the tumult and the strife.

He keeps me from all want and ill,
With loving eye He guides me still,
His peace and joy my spirit fill,
O loving Seeker of the lost,
How great for me Thy toil and cost!

To Him my helpless spirit clings,
He bears me as on eagle's wings,
Through sorrow and through joy He brings;
He loves from the eternal past,
His tender mercies ever last.

As also these verses:—

THE WHITE RAIMENT.

THE babe, the bride, the quiet dead,
Clad in peculiar raiment all,
Yet each puts on the spotless white
Of cradle, shroud, and bridal hall.

The babe, the bride, the shrouded dead,
Each entering on an untried home,
Wears the one badge, the one fair hue,
Of birth, of wedding, and of tomb.

Of death and life, of mirth and grief,
We take it as the symbol true ;
It suits the smile, it suits the sigh,
That raiment of the stainless hue.

Not the rich rainbow's varied bloom,
That diapason of the light ;
Not the soft sunset's silken glow,
Or flush of gorgeous chrysolite.

But purity of perfect light,
Its native, undivided ray,
All that is best of moon and sun,
The purest of the dawn and day.

O cradle of our youngest age,
Adorned with white, how fair art thou ;
O robe of infaney, how bright ;
Like moonlight on the moorland snow.

O bridal hall, and bridal robe,
How silver-bright your jewelled gleam !
Like sunrise on the gentle face,
Of some translucent mountain stream.

O shroud of death, so soft and pure,
Like starlight upon marble fair ;
Ah ! surely it is life, not death,
That in still beauty sleepeth there.

Mine be a robe more spotless still,
With lustre bright that cannot fade ;
Purer and whiter than the robe
Of babe, or bride, or quiet dead.

Mine be the raiment given of God,
Wrought of fine linen clean and white,
Fit for the eye of God to see,
Meet for His home of holy light.

We have referred to his well-known use of Scripture phrases, and happy power of melting them into the refrain of his verse, as thus:—

HOLY SLEEP.

LORD, if he sleep he shall do well !
How sweet, in such a world as this,

To lie unconscious of each spell
That works our daily weariness.

• • • • •
How sweet to shut out time and sense,
Visions and vanities and dreams ;
Earth's glare so withering and intense,
Toil's hourly burdens, pleasure's gleams.

In death to leave all death behind,
From sickness and from pain to fly ;
And in the dreaded grave to find
The gate of immortality.

To leave behind the fear, the doubt,
The care, the fret, the restlessness,
That poisoned life, and to shut out
Alike the failure and success.

We cannot trust these eyes and ears,
Sweet though it is to hear and see ;
They are the messengers of fears,
The gates of ill and vanity.

We cannot trust these ears and eyes ;
The daily inlets they of sin !
How sweet to shut out earthly lies,
And be with heavenly truth shut in !

These eyes and ears we cannot trust,
They work us hourly woe within ;
How sweet to close them in the dust,
And be with God alone shut in !

• • • • •
The tomb is dark ; we need no eyes ;
It speaks not ; and we need no ears ;
The veil descends and cannot rise ;—
Farewell our struggles and our tears !

Lord, if he sleep he shall do well !
In sleep like this he taketh rest ;
He lieth down corruptible,
He riseth in Thine image blest.

For he who sleeps in Thee sleeps well ;
All earth shut out, all heaven shut in.
Though damp the couch and dark the cell,
They dwell in light who sleep within.

We have dealt briefly with the volume, persuaded that it has but to be announced to be procured. We have referred to John Keble above ; the thing in which he least served his character as a poet, was his version of the Psalms. We cannot think that

Dr. Bonar's versions at the close of this volume will very greatly serve his.

THE *Parable of the Prodigal Son*.—With Notes, by James Hamilton, D.D., F.L.S., and Illustrations by Henry Courtenay Selous, (James Nisbet.)—is a volume of considerable richness and sweetness; whether we regard the very beautiful illustrations of Mr. Selous, or the commentary of its amiable and excellent author; it is published in such a form as to be a very pleasant and acceptable present, and it is written in such a style of life, interest, and earnestness, that it may be at once read with interest and advantage. The well-known style, half quaint, all sweet, the interlayings of happy allusion and reference to books, scenes, or men, throwing a reflecting light at once upon the subject of the quotation and the matter in hand. The pearl of parables, as it has been truly and happily called, has never been more usefully and beautifully illustrated than in the volume before us. Dr. Hamilton's style never changes; he has an eye, kind, quick, and retentive; and in the course of his reading, or running to and fro, the lesson derived as he sails down the Rhine under the shadow of the Lorelie, or sits in Versailles, in the neighbourhood of the old *Parc aux cerfs*, are made a note of, and retained for a place in the pulpit or the exposition. A happy, readable naturalness pervades every page of his writing; a love of illustrations derived from the study of nature, or the shelves of biography; and parable and poetry become with him pleasing helps to commentary, as in the following manner, in which he discourses of the young man leaving home:—

It was the third hour of the day, and Abdallah still lingered over the morning repast, when there came a little fly and alighted on the rim of his goblet. It sipped a particle of syrup and was gone. It came next morning, and the next, and the next again, till it caught the eye of the scholar. As he considered it, and as it gave forth its many colours, and moved itself aright, it seemed beautiful exceedingly, and in his heart he could not find to drive it away. Wherefore it came day by day continually, and waxing bolder and bolder, it withal became greater and greater, till in the size as of a locust could be perceived as the likeness of a man; and the greater that it grew the more winning were its way, frisking like a sunbeam, singing like a peri, so that the eyes of the simple one were blinded, and in all this he did not perceive the subtlety of an evil jinn. Wherefore, waxing bolder and yet bolder, whatsoever of dainty meats its soul desired, the lying spirit freely took; and when, waxing wroth, the son of the prophet said, "This is my daily portion from the table of the mufti; there is not

enough for thee and me;" playing one of its pleasant tricks, the brazen-faced deceiver caused the simple one to smile; until in process of time the scholar perceived that as his guest waxed stronger and stronger, he himself waxed weaker and weaker.

Now also there arose frequent contention between the demon and his dupe, and the youth smote the demon so sore that it departed for a season. Thereupon Abdallah rejoiced exceedingly, and said, "I have triumphed over mine enemy, and when it seemeth good in my sight I shall smite him that he die." But after not many days, lo! and behold, the jinn came again, arrayed in goodly garments, and bringing a present in its hand; and with its fair speech, saying, "Is it not a little one?" it enticed this silly dove so that he again received it into his chamber.

On the morrow, when Abdallah came not into the assembly of studious youth, the mufti said, "Wherefore tarrieth the son of the faithful? perchance he sleepeth." Therefore they resorted even to his chamber, and knocked, and lifted up their voice; but as he made no answer, the mufti opened the door, and behold! on the divan lay the dead body of his disciple. His visage was black and swollen, and on his throat was the pressure of a finger broader than the palm of a mighty man. All the stuff belonging to the hapless one was gone, the gold and the jewels, and the parchment-rolls, and the changes of raiment; and in the soft earth of the garden were discerned the footsteps of a giant. The mufti measured one of the prints, and lo! it was six cubits long.

What means the apologue? Who can expound the riddle? Is it the bottle or the betting-book? Is it the billiard-table? Is it the theatre, or the tea-garden, or the music-saloon? Is it laziness? Is it debt? Is it the wasted Sunday? But know that an evil habit is an elf constantly expanding. It may come in at the key-hole, but it will soon grow too big for the house.

* * * * *

It is of vast moment to be "just right" when starting. At Preston, at Malines, at many such places, the lines go gently asunder; so fine is the angle, that at first the paths are almost parallel, and it seems of small moment which you select. But a little farther on, one of them turns a corner or dives into a tunnel, and now that the speed is full, the angle opens up, and at the rate of a mile a minute, the divided convoy flies asunder: one passenger is on the way to Italy, another to the swamps of Holland; one will step out in London, the other in the Irish Channel. It is not enough that you book for the better country: you must keep the way, and a small deviation may send you entirely wrong. A slight deflection from honesty, a slight divergence from perfect truthfulness, from perfect sobriety, may throw you on a wrong track altogether, and make a failure of that life which should have proved a comfort to your family, a credit to your country, a blessing to mankind.

Beware of the bad habit. It makes its first appearance as a tiny fay, and is so innocent, so playful, so minute, that none save a precisian

would denounce it, and it seems hardly worth while to whisk it away. The trick is a good joke, the lie is white, the glass is harmless, the theft is only a few apples from a farmer's orchard, the bet is only sixpence, the debt is only half-a-crown. But the tiny fay is capable of becoming a tremendous giant; and if you connive and harbour him, he will nourish himself at your expense, and then, springing on you as an armed man, will drag you down to destruction.

Our readers, we are sure, will agree with us that a book written with a vividness like this deserves a large circulation, and an affectionate greeting, wherever it finds its way. We could well fill considerable space with its bright biographic aphorisms; but can do no more.

AMONG books for the young folks, suitable for this season, we have *Newlyn House: the Home of the Davenports*. By A. E. W. (Johnstone, Hunter, and Co.,—beautifully printed and illustrated; the story of a Christian home, told not only with due Christian gravity, but with considerable liveliness, almost amounting to humour. Maude's passion and her penitence will, we hope, make its proper and desired impression on all little folks likely to be similarly overtaken in a fault: *Rosa Lindsay; the Light of Kilmain*. By M. H. (Johnstone, Hunter, and Co.)—very sweet, full of nature, life, poetry, and beauty.

The season has arrived for again giving some warm commendatory words to our friends, the weekly, monthly, or annual serials; and, first, *The Sunday at Home*, and *The Leisure Hour*. (Religious Tract Society)—these two volumes are really miracles in their way. We think we have said so before; with the same heartiness we say so again; we declare that we know not where readily we could alight upon volumes so full to overflowing of thoroughly well-wrought, beautiful, realising engraving—the combinations of the best results of wood-engraving, and chromo-lithograph—merely to let them lie on the table, and take them up from time to time; to turn over these refreshing beauties is worth the whole cost—all parts of the world; little pieces of natural history; chromos from the celebrated pictures of great artists; portraits of the famous celebrities of our own and other ages; and, then, the letter-press seems to be full of life, as delightfully sketchy as the pictures are delightfully distinct. Tales and essays, sermons and choice extracts, in poetry and prose, meet in a most remarkably useful editing in these two volumes. Cottages, nurseries, and kitchens; the poor man's home, or the rich man's lounge, have always an un-failing source of interest if they be possessed of these volumes.

OF another order is another brace of serials, in two volumes now before us, the *Good Words* and the *Sunday Magazine*; Strahan. These volumes are intended for another audience than those we have mentioned above; they are less sensational, and while more purely intellectual, do not aim to be less popular. How admirably they fulfil their intention is very well known, and so widely as to need little commendation of ours. In *Good Words*, one of the chief characters this year is "Madonna Mary," by Mrs. Oliphant; as, in the *Sunday Magazine*, is the "Annals of a Quiet Neighbourhood," by George MacDonald. We hope that these able, enterprising, and admirably-conducted periodicals, will hold and own as large an empire during 1867 as in preceding years.

THE serials for the young folks are as remarkable for their excellence as those for the old, and they are multitudinous; but of those which we have seen, and of which we can speak in hearty praise, are, 1st—*Old Merry's Annual* (Jackson, Walford, and Hodder). We don't know what exclamations might rise to little lips on the reception of this most gorgeous "Old Merry," in his clothing of purple and gold; the inside is not less attractive, however, than the outside; the engravings are well-executed, and first-rate stories are told by Kingston, and other first-rate story-tellers. "Old Merry" has a spirit of Christian reality, with lively, chatty, cheerfulness. 2nd—*The Children's Hour Annual* (Johnstone, Hunter, and Co.), is like it in spirit and character; it is difficult to distinguish a difference; perhaps, as seems fitting, the *Children's Hour* has a little more of pensive twilight, round-the-fire-before-the-candles-are-brought-in about it; while "Old Merry" seems more indicative of the crack of chesnuts and the flame of the log; but they are both thoroughly suited to children's tastes. And not behind them, a truly pretty little collection—*The Sunday Scholar's Annual*: containing stories and ballads by the best authors (Elliot Stock). Unpretensive, cheap, teaching, and entertaining; a world of pleasure, interest, and good words, in little more than a hundred little pages. With this we may mention a very pretty little New Year's ballad story for Boys and Girls, *Harry Hartland's Rescue*. It is designed for the Christmas season; the verse may not rise to the height of poetry, or great force of style, and such would be out of place, but it seems to be always smooth, correct, and pleasing. A pretty little reward for a bright boy to commit to memory.

WE have received with thankfulness and pleasure the last instalment of *Kitto's Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature*,

third edition, edited by W. L. Alexander, D.D. (A. C. Black); and the *Imperial Bible Dictionary*, edited by the Rev. Patrick Fairbairn, D.D. (Blackie and Son). We had intended this month to have devoted some considerable space to a comparative estimate of the value of these and other similar contributions to this department of sacred literature. We trust to do this in our next number; meantime, we are glad to find these two works brought to a close, and trust that they cannot interfere with each other in obtaining what they deserve, a wide circulation.

THE Edition of *Divine and Moral Songs for Children*. By Isaac Watts, D.D., *Illustrated in the new Graphotype Engraving process* (James Nisbet and Co.)—may deserve to be called splendid; the volume forms a full-sized quarto, and every page is magnificently and happily illuminated. The artists of the pictures seem to us, however, to be generally less happy than the artists of the illuminations. Mr. Hitchcock's, however, in

"The moon shines full at His command,"

strikes us as very effective. Mr. Dumaaurier's strong piece of pre-Raphaelitism, "The Excellency of the Bible," is effective as a work of art; but we have to wonder for some time as to what can be its immediate relation to the subject illustrated. With much respect, we are compelled to say, we wonder whenever Mr. Holman Hunt saw or conceived a young lady kneeling down to say her prayers in the fashion he has delineated. The book, however, is a splendid illustration of the avidity with which, in spite of so many successors, the verses of the great Nonconformist laureate of infancy and childhood are still sought.

A SIMILAR volume to the above, intended rather for the drawing-room table than for the study, is, *Scenes from the Life of St. Paul; and their Religious Lessons*. By the Rev. J. S. Howson, D.D., with *Illustrations by Paolo Priolo, Esquire*. (Religious Tract Society) The volume, we suppose, must be regarded rather with reference to its illustrations; it also is a quarto—the letter-press, however, has the full copiousness of a considerable volume; and it is from the pen of Dr Howson, who is pre-eminently the Pauline biographer. It is not possible for him to write without being clear, suggestive, and instructive. For such a book, however, perhaps more graphic and pictorial sketchings would have been more to the purpose.

WE have received from Messrs. Nelson, a packet of *Illuminated Texts*. (T. Nelson and Sons.) They seem to us of the

most beautiful we remember ever to have seen. It is a happy device to place, in different parts of the Christian household, the sweet, helpful texts of Scripture; and these designs are as bold and beautiful as the texts are happy and helpful.

ANOTHER packet of *Illuminated Texts; Packet B.* (Religious Tract Society.) Very pretty; suitable for cottages and smaller rooms.

SCRIPTURE *Nationalities, or Ancient People spoken of in the Bible.* Twelve picture cards. (Religious Tract Society.) Capital for Reward Cards for Sunday Schools, or texts for Mamma's talk to her little folk.

GOOD, and very good, is *Memorials of the Early Lives and Doings of Great Lawyers.* By C. E. Brightwell, Author of *the Life of Mrs. Opie; Annals of Industry and Genius, &c., &c.* (T. Nelson and Sons.) A fine set of animating examples, set forth in more than pleasant—in a lively, animating and pictorial manner. Each life and the volume contains sketches of More, Hall, Coke, Gulford, Holt, Mansfield, Wilmot, Blackstone, Erskine, Ellenborough, Eldon, Romilly, and Tenterden, illuminated by anecdotes which illustrate the character and make it exemplary.

WE can warmly commend for every Sunday School or Cottage Library, *These Forty Years and other Narratives.* By G. E. Sargeant. (Religious Tract Society.) And *Louisa Featherington, and other tales.* (Religious Tract Society.) For the most part, excellent in spirit; more simple, natural and readable than many we have met with of the same order. In *Louisa Featherington*, "The sagacious party" is admirable, and quite in the manner of the lively verse apologues of Jane Taylor. The little book is a pleasant mingling of story and allegory; and *These Forty Years* also mingles fancies, not above the range of cottage life, with the stories which are their peculiar portion.

OF the same order of book, but addressed to another sphere of life and education, we have *Washed Ashore; or the Tower of Stormount Bay.* By W. H. Kingston. (Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.)—Mr. Kingston's name, we suppose, will imply that this is a book for boys; the sea coast, old towers upon the cliff, ghosts, and smugglers, are all mixed up together in a very entertaining kind of tipsy-cake for the young gentlemen. Our readers do not need to be told that Mr. Kingston may very

safely be trusted; when he talks to the young people, he thoroughly entertains them, and leaves them all the better for his existing and scenic presentation of adventure.

THE *Copsley Annals preserved in Proverbs. By the Author of "Village Missionaries", &c.* (Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.)—seem to us full of a great deal of true village humour. We have read the last of the annals, "Master Clarke's Story," with a great deal of enjoyment; it has much real character, and naïveté of narrative. The proverbs illustrated are not among the most common, "Have you heard the proud lady's distaff?" "I can't lie down at the bottom of the tree, I will climb it," &c., &c. The intentions of the book are, of course, beautiful, and the author's mode of conveying his intentions carries his readers along with him not less pleasantly than profitably.

WE fear, in this age of reading, when we must have for popular purposes our theology condensed into duodecimos and eighteenmos, that—*The Glorious Gospel Unfolded. By Henry Webb.* (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.)—will be found too bulky to command a large circle of readers. It is an encyclopædia of the Christian system, very symmetrically arranged, from a clear and distinct Calvinistic point of view. Mr. Webb's knowledge is considerable, but narrowed to a range of writers whose faith was interpreted to them rather by feeling than an extensive and sufficient range of thought. Mr. Webb constructs, in harmony with generally received Calvinistic ideas, the science of theology; and fits faith and the knowledge of the believing consciousness into the groove of dogmatic statements; but it is obvious enough that, with the most devout, and humble, and filial-minded reading of Scripture, many, perhaps almost every reader of his book will find some facts in his own consciousness contravening portions of a dogmatic system. To take, for instance, his chapter on "Justification in Time, not from Eternity;" if the statement be followed legitimately to its conclusion, and carried into other departments of the works of God, what should follow but a free admission of the popular conception of the Hegelian mode of thought—an unconscious, and undetermining deity—and if known to God are all his works from the beginning, surely those who are the special objects of his relationship and affection, may be regarded as amongst the most direct in his foreknowledge. We only mention this as an illustration of the manner in which even those readers who are not less Calvinistic than Mr. Webb will part company with him on many of his conclusions. The defect of his book is that it deals with scientific theology in an un-

scientific manner, and without scientific knowledge. Scientific theology has no particular charms for us ; but if it be to be dealt with in that manner, we like it to be thoroughly so. Having said this, we cheerfully admit that this volume may be read with great profit by ministers who have not the time nor taste for larger and more comprehensive investigations, and who wish to see the views they teach compendiously and popularly arranged.

PREJUDICE itself is compelled to admit that—*God's Word Written ; the Doctrine of the Inspiration of Holy Scripture Explained and Enforced.*—By the Rev. Edward Garbett, M.A. (Religious Tract Society.)—is a good book, admirably comprehensive and helpful to young men who desire to look into the things to which this little work refers. Mr. Garbett is neither learned, nor wide, but his narrow vision sees chief points distinctly, and he is well-informed popularly ; this work is written in a happy, easy style, accessible to the level of ordinary thoughtful apprehension. We could have wished there had been a more fearless grappling with unbelief in its grimmer strongholds of despair ; but, excellent as we believe the volume to be, we must feel that there are grave matters of modern casuistry and scepticism, of which Mr. Garbett is ignorant, or the answer to which he has failed to apprehend ; but, perhaps, the error is ours in associating these matters with a volume of so popular an intention ; and we can confidently commend its chapters to elder Bible Classes and their teachers, as furnishing a view of the chief impregnable towers and fortifications of Bible truth.

SOMEWHAT similar in its intended results is *How to Study the New Testament ; the Gospels, and the Acts of the Apostles.* By Henry Alford, D.D., Dean of Canterbury. (Strahan)—It may be supposed, if any person living is thoroughly furnished for a work like this, it must be Dean Alford. Who could more clearly illustrate how to study the New Testament than the man whose Greek Testament is in the hands of every student and scholar ? This little work, however, demands no scholarship on the part of the reader ; and, in fact, although it may seem to contradict its title, it deals with results rather than processes ; it is written with considerable liveliness of style ; while we are compelled to feel that many of the criticisms are very needless refinements. To such a scholar as Dean Alford (we say this, of course, with more than respect) they seem to disturb the received text, without adding to the signification ; some, on the contrary, will be to ordinary readers, lights and advantages. And this too, like

the preceding volume we noticed, is eminently a book for the Christian young man ; and, kept for a long time within reach for occasional reading and remark, with the New Testament by the side, cannot fail to be greatly edifying.

WE are always glad to call attention to such results as those recorded in *Chequer Alley. A story of successful Christian Work. By the Rev. Frederick W. Briggs—with an introduction by the Rev. Wm. Arthur, M.A.; Sixth Edition.* (Hamilton, Adams, and Co.) In the hopeless, helpless condition of the dark places of our great cities and towns, all the stories of what patient faith, labour and prayer, have either attempted or performed is cheering. *Chequer Alley* is an irregular avenue, in the neighbourhood of the City Road, London ; and, with its neighbouring net-work of alleys and courts, comprises a population of about fifteen thousand souls, who are the waifs and strays of that great awful ocean of life rolling through or round London—thieves and thief-trainers and their like, subsiding on the wages of manifold kinds of iniquity. Of course there are multitudes of others in the crowd of souls—poor, honest creatures ; street-sweepers, costermongers, wheel-dealers, &c. &c. A lady, named Miss Macarthy, thought of these poor sorrowful, sinful, forgotten creatures some years since, and went down into their midst, seeking to improve their condition and to bless them, by gathering them round her in some sort of classes ; taking the love of Christ for her motive, and simply *determining* in her intercourse with them *to be natural*. The work seems to have gone on for about twenty years ; and this little book records its results. In many aspects, the material condition of the neighbourhood has been improved also, morally and socially ; the work has been principally effected by our friends in connection with the Methodist Chapel in the City Road, in the face of difficulties and obstacles which must have been more insurmountable apparently, than in most places. The glorious woman who began the work was soon seized by typhus fever raging in the alley, but after her peril and suffering were passed, she returned to her work. How small seem our labours, who talk or write about such social miseries, when placed in contrast with the deeds and endurances, and disappointments of these heroines ! Surely, in an eminent sense, these are they to whom the master will say, “ Ye have followed me in the regeneration ; Well done ! ” Such little books do point out the ways and means of difficult usefulness, and cheer faithful workers ; fruit does not grow in a day, and we need to take a period of twenty years of patient labour to see what may be performed in a neighbourhood.

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